# ONCE AGAIN

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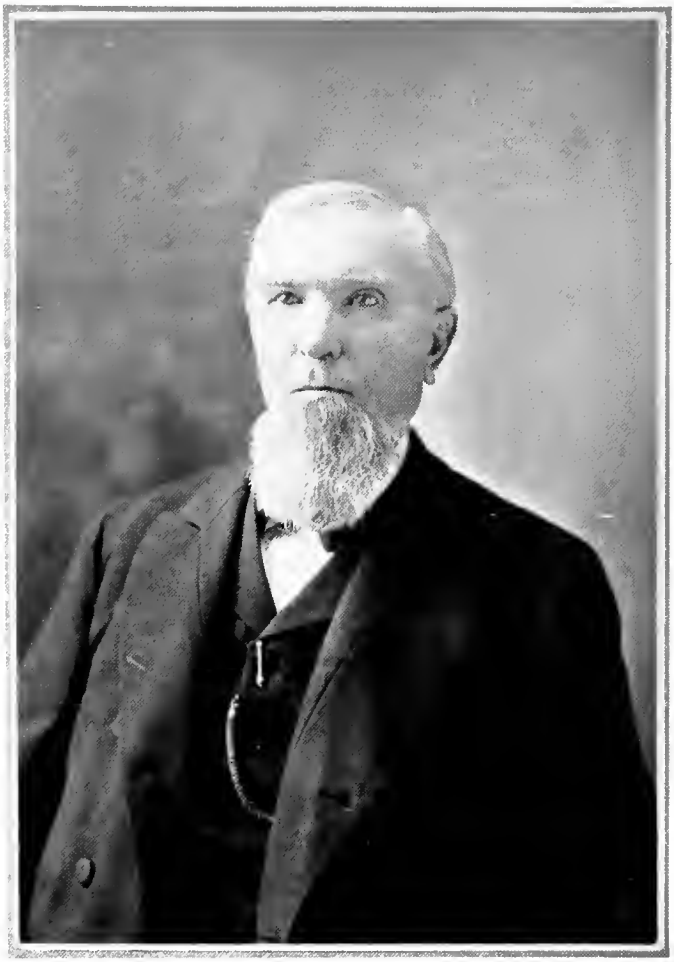

AT 80.

# Once Again

BEING SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES

OF


## William Garritson Browning

CLASS OF 1848

IN THE NEW YORK ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

AUTHOR OF "GRACE MAGNIFIED," "FIFTY YEARS A MINISTER," "A FEW MORE WORDS."


## Dedicated

TO ALL WHO MAY BE INTERESTED ENOUGH TO READ CAREFULLY, DISMISSING PREJUDICES


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POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
1905

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# ONCE AGAIN.

## CHAPTER 1.

### WHAT IT MEANS.

Into whosesoever hands this book may come, who has has read the former volumes of the author,—and especially the one published in 1902 entitled *A Few More Words*—there may be a remembrance that on page 170 of said latter book it was stated: "I can scarce think it possible that I make another attempt to put in book form any more of the experiences that may yet be before me."

The writer was then seventy-seven years old, and feeling some of the infirmities that naturally accompany that period of earthly life. It was a surprise to him then that the "three-score and ten" had been reached and past; and he was almost confidently expecting a speedy departure to be with Jesus and the blood-washed throng before the throne.

But time has run on and with it an improved physical and mental condition;—especially in the months immediately preceding the writing of this opening chapter.

Had the resolution been positively formed to make no further attempt at book making, it would needs

have been kept; but no *such* position was assumed; and so no vow is broken in this work, *Once Again*, being undertaken.

There has been some strange and peculiar exercises of mind in connection with the purpose to write this book.

It has been suggested: "If you put in print some of the thoughts running through your mind, you may get some very unenviable notoriety, but you will not popularize yourself." "And then you may give offense to some whose friendship, and even love, you now have."

Well, I surely have no desire, much less purpose, of offending; and it is not to be coveted to be judged as putting forth disagreeable and unpopular sentiments.

The only questions, however, that can be considered here and now are: Is it in accordance with the will of God that this work should be done? And: Is this proceeding in His order? The purpose is all controlling to seek Divine guidance at every step, and in the writing of every word. The prayer for the spirit of Christ that goes out in love to Him and to all men, shall go up from day to day, and at all times in the day, that nothing harmful or misleading shall find a place in these pages. To say that there is no expectation that any one will disagree with anything that shall appear is virtually to admit that there exists no reason for the expenditure of time and energy and money to simply repeat what everybody knows and believes.

But how shall we know what is the will of God in such an undertaking as this? How better than to fully sink our will in His; and commit our way unto Him? So, it is resolved, to go forward believing that if this work is pleasing to Him whom we serve, that He will give grace to keep and wisdom to guide until the task

is accomplished. If He decides, at any point of the procedure, that "It is enough," He will so indicate, either by incapacitating for further doing by taking away the ability, or taking away the earthly life thus engaged. Many a Christian worker has lain down his plans, as well as ceased to speak on earth, just when it seemed to men that he, or she, was in the midst of most profitable work. *God knows best, and He never makes mistakes!*

It may be claimed that there is, and must be, some qualification to this way of reasoning. The declaration that: "Man is immortal until his work is done," is a strong way of saying that God directs as to the length of every faithful Christian's life; and that he, or she, shall surely live out all the allotted days." Well who of us would be justified in disputing this? The Bible says: "The years of the wicked shall be shortened." (See Proverbs x: 27.) And again: "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." (See Psalm LV: 23.) But of the godly it is said: "With long life will I satisfy him." (See Psalm XCI: 16.)

Nevertheless, it would be pure fanaticism to argue, that all good men live to be old, or, that there is no obligation to care carefully for the health of our bodies, and for the length of our days. So, with the hearty belief that we are in the Lord's hands, and subjecting ourself *willingly* to His control, we set about this unexpected work of publishing once again a volume of experiences and opinions, with the purpose of husbanding our strength by proper rest and other means that are appointed by the the Great Physician of both body and soul. *We earnestly hope that this will not be labor in vain!*

No one has been consulted as to the subject matter of

this book, and no one has been asked to give it indorsement by way of introduction. We act thus independently. *First*: Because, as already intimated it is not believed that anyone could be found who would fully agree with *all* that may find its way herein. And *Secondly:* Because if a friend might be found willing to be associated, the Author does not care to involve anyone in the responsibilities of some utterances that may appear in print in this effort.

It is enough to say, that the several members of this volume have been conceived during the Summer of the year 1904; and their struggle for birth has resulted in the body of whatever form, or feature, it may bear when it appears for public inspection.

### *No Money In It.*

Possibly some may thiuk that this writing of books pays. So it does, or it would not be attempted *Once Again*. How it pays will appear further on. But, *there is no money in it*—i. e; In *our* book writing.

When GRACE MAGNIFIED was issued, it was said in the Introductory chapter: "It was far from my thought in entering upon this work, that any financial profit could come of it."

We did have some hope *then*, that enough money might be realized from sales to re-imburse the outlay. So far from this being the case, the "outcome" showed a balance on the debit side of Eight hundred and eighty three dollars, after drawing largely for help from a special fund that we felt authorized to employ to some extent in this way. Saying nothing about some smaller publications, the publishing and distributing of five hundred copies of *A Few More Words*, as a supplement to its larger companion, caused an outlay of two hun-

dred and sixty-two dollars and twenty-six cents. Only about twenty dollars of this was met by sales.

Somehow, the idea of *selling* books of my own writing has become more and more distasteful, and, after spending considerable money in the usual and legitimate efforts in that line, I sometime ago abandoned these efforts. *I do not purpose to resume any such methods now.*

Let it be understood then that this book will not be put on sale nor is any price put upon it.

Nevertheless, as all the money I handle is only as a steward and for the Great Proprietor, and I must not waste my Lord's substance, this statement is made, viz: If the desire is present with any to whom this volume comes unsolicited to contribute any sum to aid in the expense of publishing, said amount will be gratefully received and sacredly appropriated. And, as we do not propose to distribute this book so promiscuously as we have sometimes done as to others, it is decreed that any person desiring a copy may order it by mail, addressed to the Author; and, in order to show a real desire to carefully read, such will be expected to accompany the request by any sum they may incline to forward, by which to reimburse the Lord's treasury.

If the Author passes to the heavenly home before these books are all disposed of, he assures all concerned that any money returns received after he has gone will be sacredly regarded as belonging to the missionary treasury of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And the further request is here recorded that instead of sending more than the necessary postage in such case, the recipient of the book will give direct to said named society any sum, in appreciation of the contents, that may meet the mind of the reader and giver.

So with these things projected, the work of book-making is once again entered upon with a kind of ambition (I trust a lawful ambition) that I may celebrate the arrival of my Eightieth Birthday Anniversary with a souvenier to the members of my immediate family and tried and trusted friends. All of these I believe will be charitable in their judgments, both of the writer and of what is written.

Meanwhile, even if in God's order the work here begun is not finished, the writer is furnished with some congenial employment for awhile; and that is no small boon to one who feels that he is regarded as an old man, and "left out" frequently when his *heart* is yearning to do something. Beside this there is a growing conviction that I can often better *write* thoughts in the quiet of a study than I can utter them before an audience, where the surroundings sometimes prove a diversion and embarrassment. It may also be that some of these things that find expression in writing would not be proper in public speech.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT WILL IT AMOUNT TO?

*Honest Doubts.*

It may very likely be that some reader (perhaps many readers) of the first chapter of this book will say; "what after all, will it amount to?" "The world is full of books, and many of them never get farther than the shelves on which they are placed." "Besides, many books are more captivating than autobiographies." And, again it may be said that only when writers have some reputation are their books valued or sought after.

All of these statements are true, and many more might be added just as true; and it is certain that the question raised is worthy of candid consideration.

It is not sufficient to say: "The writer is pleased with this kind of employment, and we ought to consent to let him please himself."

This would be a very narrow way of answering the question set at the head of this chapter.

*Not an Untried Field.*

When entering this arena some years since, it was an unexplored region; and no one was more astonished than the writer that he should venture in such a field. Our experiences have however been of great value. They have not all been discouraging. First, we have certainly learned that the proportion of those reached by gift books are no more demonstrative than the lepers healed by the Master when he told them to go and show

themselves to the priests. (See Luke xvii: 12–18.) Out of the ten only one returned to acknowledge what had been done for him. About this ratio of those to whom the writer has sent his former books have ever written of their reception.

This has been true of all classes to whom they have gone. It has been especially true of my brethren in the ministry. About one in ten have let it be known that they came to hand. In a less degree has this been true of the *Editors* to whom these books have been sent. *Sometimes to be entirely ignored has been quite a chagrin to the sender.*

Of all this there is probably no good reason to complain. It is as might be expected. These brethren and editors have many reasons for not noticing all that comes to them unsolicited.

There have been *encouragements*, however, some most marked and manifest exceptions that have compensated for all that have seemed neglects. Some communications have been not only most brotherly, but have been so full of kind expressions and opinions, that it has seemed that the writers ought to weigh their words most carefully, lest they convey more than they intended.

One of the most prominent members of the New York Conference wrote to the author in a loving spirit after he had read the books. He also sent double the money that would have been named as a price, if the transaction had been in the form of a sale and purchase. Moreover he positively refused to have this money returned when solicited to receive it back.

### *This is Not an Isolated Case.*

Another quite as prominent member of the same conference did just about the same thing several years

since; and the same is true, in modified forms, of several others of the dear brethren who have thus been binding us together as the years of our Conference fellowship have been running on.

In closing out the remaining copies of both books that have gone before this *Once Again* volume, the author made bold to mail them to each member of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so far as he could command their addresses. From two of them he received most kind and encouraging letters in response.

But quite beyond letters of acknowledgment have been the many expressions that have been personally made from time to time. Some have even told of having received *benefit* not only intellectually, but also spiritually. *This is compensation indeed.*

To be told of deeper Christian experience resulting from convictions attending the reading of any of these books; and of souls brought to a knowledge of Christ through this instrumentality, is to be valued more than all silver and gold.

### *Watched Over.*

To trace some of the means by which this has been brought about is wonderful. Some years since a former parishioner was found reading *Grace Magnified*, and deeply interested. Being somewhat curious to know how this book came to be in his possession the inquiry was made. The fact was learned that it had been picked up from a cheap book stand for a few cents. It had probably found its way there after being read and left in the library by hands that were mouldering back to dust, while the earthly possessions passed under the auctioneer's hammer, or to "the second hand dealer."

There is nothing discouraging, or disgraceful in such incidents. Some of the most valuable and profitable reading, and some of the books that have been most cherished, come to us because the days of sale for them have passed, and the remaining stock is closed out at nominal prices.

The fact that these books were written twenty, thirty, or more years since, only give them greater interest and value to those who thus learn of past events that general history may not have noticed. Some of the most flattering commendations of *Grace Magnified*, have been recently made because of its references to past events in the city of New York in earlier days, and in many parts of the land; and particularly within the bounds of the author's travels as an itinerant.

Sometimes it may seem like waste in spending time and money to get books written and circulated, but if the seed is good, some of it will catch in good soil and produce a harvest in after years and in eternity.

I remember once standing and witnessing a kin of mine sow his wheat. It was good wheat that might have been ground into flour and made into bread for family supplies; but here he was throwing it away by the handfuls, and he did it liberally. He was a good and thoughtful farmer, and his crops brought him riches; and those who came after him enjoyed the benefit of his toils and sacrifices.

When the Lord put forth the parable of the sower he admitted that even much good seed would be lost and fall by the wayside, or where there was not much deepness of earth, or among thorns and briers; but the encouragement to sow was that *some* seed would fall upon good ground and bring forth abundantly.

So books treating of God's gracious dealings, and wit-

nessing to His wondrous saving power must do some good.

The enemy is still abroad sowing tares, but the time of sorting will come and the good wheat will be gathered in the heavenly garner.

It is a privilege to have any part in this seed sowing! The thing for us to look out for is that the seed is good and pure, and then to scatter it lavishly by whatever means in our power. Some can use one means, and some another. We are differently endowed. Let us find out what we can do best and do that.

It has often been said: "Results belong to God,—duty is ours." This thought may be abused and lead to carelessness or indifference; but rightly received it is of great value. Montgomery has beautifully written:

"Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt or fear give thou no heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land.
Thou knowest not which shall thrive
The late or early sown."

The condition of the soil into which the seed falls is the great consideration, and so as this writer has said over and over, so *Once Again* he repeats that the important work is the doing what we can to lead to the enrichment of the hearts of those who listen to the gospel message in whatever way it can be brought to them.

When the desires of the heart are purified, and it is open to the truth, it will seek after and find it in every effort to bring it to notice.

### *Limited Sphere.*

It may yet be said: "This writing is largely the history of one individual, and he is thus made more

prominent than will interest others." Well the Bible is to a considerable extent, history and biography, and some of it autobiography, and if what we put forth has any measure of the inspiration that came to the patriarchs and prophets and apostles, some of the same results and help that come to us from them may also come to others as *we* relate our experiences and tell of our relation to this world, and preach the gospel as brought out in our knowledge of it during our passage through this mortal and transitory life.

The fathers and the prophets, where are they ? They live in their writings and what has been written about them. So shall we, if we live as we ought, and leave something behind us that will make this world better because we, in our turn, passed through it.

As the reading of this book will naturally be confined to a considerable extent to the immediate circle of friends and acquaintances of the author and those to whom they may introduce it; and, as this company is growing smaller all the time, the edition will be quite limited. No money will be spent for stereotype plates. When the first edition is exhausted there will be no other.

If anything is found thought worthy of more extended circulation it is free for use. No one can claim a copyright. If anything ought to be antagonized and refuted, the opportunity is open and *welcomed*, if thereby good may come.

## CHAPTER III.

### FRESH EXPERIENCES.

Only three short years have passed since the volume entitled *A Few More Words* went through the press. They have indeed been eventful years. None have been more so in the experiences of the author. This it is believed will be the verdict of all who have their attention called to them, and who are prepared to judge.

### *Flying Shafts.*

The early spring months of 1902 witnessed sorrow in many households more or less intimately connected with the writer of these pages. During the month of March the family of the only remaining full brother, and youngest child of our mother, who was the little prattler when she left her nine children on the earth, was visited in a sad and impressive way. His oldest and dearly beloved son was, as it would seem to us, *ruthlessly* taken from him on March 7th. This bereavment was the more difficult to bear because the father was seriously ill himself at the time. On the 16th of the same month, this father passed out of sight, and left his widow to mourn his loss, with only one daughter remaining out of the family of two sons and two daughters who had been cherished and trained through childhood and youth into manhood and womanhood. Three of these were called to lie down and die at periods when the greatest hopes of life seemed just opening before them.

About this same time, and soon after, some dear

Christian friends in the city of Poughkeepsie and elsewhere bid adieu to their weeping families, and their bodies were carried to their resting places, and other widows and fatherless ones were increased to bear testimony to the fleeting nature of all earthly ties.

During the Conference session of April, 1902, the writer was most generously entertained in a family that has become particularly dear because of loving associations for more than thirty years. There he had gone in and out as one of them, and as their changes had been met in the passing years. Children had come and gone during that time; and their dear mother, who had been one of my most cherished parishoners for almost all of this time, had also been called away. Her funeral services and obituary notice gave this writer some of his sad and yet profitable experiences. Of her it might well be said: "The memory of the just is blessed!"

And so the years have run on, all the time reminding us that: "Here we have no continuing city or abiding place."

### *A Disturbed Church.*

It seems that a peculiar condition of church relationship should have some place in this chapter. With the close of the Conference session in April, 1902, and the reading of the appointments, there came to one of the churches in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to which the writer has held a semi-official relation for several years, a surprise that was really full of doubtful results.

This church is, in some respects, of youthful existence. It was organized many years ago; but of recent years has assumed great responsibilities in a new and expensive building and changed location.

Somehow the working of the itinerancy has been un-

usual with this people and congregation. Their heavy debt and many young people of late—especially since a glorious revival of ten years since—have made them feel that extraordinary care must be exercised in the selection of their pastors. After some experiences that had severly tested the loyalty of the officers and membership in years past, the spring of 1902 opened very auspiciously with them. Both pastor and people were in harmony as to their relations, and it was fully expected that these pleasant conditions were to run on for at least two or three or more years. Especially was this anticipated as the present pastor had only served since the former annual Conference.

It was believed that both the financial and religious prosperity largely depended upon a continuance of this harmony.

What was the surprise and excitement when it was announced that a change was made by Episcopal authority without consultation with the parties so deeply interested and immediately affected. Erroneous and hasty conclusions were formed and had a baneful effect. It was indeed a serious question: What will be the result?

Some blamed only the Bishop, and said that he was antagonistic to the welfare of this particular church. These cited in support of their opinion, that the same Bishop had done virtually the same thing a few years before, resulting in the withdrawal of some of the strongest financial supporters. Of course this judgment could not be agreed with by the more knowing and more charitable. It was just one of these cases that will sometimes occur in the difficult duty of fixing the *yearly* appointments of thousands of ministers to thousands of churches.

One of the best preachers in the Conference, and most

gentlemanly of men, was announced as the successor of his younger ministerial brother who was removed to fill the place in a stronger church that had not readily been content with any other arrangement, but had agreed harmoniously on this.

For a time everything was squally. The new appointee came and by his manner and talents soon made many friends. But there were some who refused to be reconciled, and the pastor was handicapped during his entire administration. When the question of removal had to be considered again there were many perplexing things about it. Suffice it that after two years of service under these conditions, another change was decided upon; but there was much of friction about it, and a disposition upon the part of some to make the most of the circulated statements that *this* pastor had been meanly used.

But God is tender and loves the church. The officiary refused to unite on any man, or to extend the unmethodistic custom of "a call." They resolved to leave the matter to the regularly appointed power—which is the presiding elder—as the adviser of the bishop. This they did, *with some modifications.*

When the appointments of 1904 were read off it was found that one of the most to be desired, indefatigable and successful of pastors was to be in charge of this disturbed church.

To say that this was at once a solution and settlement of all the trouble would be to say too much. It can be said in truth that it soon became evident that the church had no ground of complaint as to Episcopal prerogative in this case; and the zealous and self-sacrificing efforts of the new pastor began at once to gain him friends and co-operation. Now, with the prayer, that so it may be

more and more; at and this writing, before the first year of the new pastor has ended, to express a most profound desire that a great work of God may break out as the only effectual means of bringing real brotherly love and Christian unity, this statement may be allowed to go in print.

It ought to be said, however, in justice to all earnest messengers of Christ, that if all hearers would, after listening to the word preached, go and practice the lessons of instruction and earnest appeal, instead of contenting themselves with comments favorable or otherwise upon the ability of the preacher, much better results would continually appear *whoever is the pastor.*

### *A Mild Criticism.*

Before leaving the above recital it may not be amiss to take advantage of the opportunity and repeat, once again, what is by no means said or written for the first time: That nothing so prejudices the operation of our itinerant system as anything that looks like an arbitrary exercise of the appointing power of the Bishops. Whenever a sudden and unexpected and undesired change of pastors is determined upon, all parties interested ought to be consulted as fully as possible, and shown the nature of the emergency that calls for what was not premeditated.

### *Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary.*

Without attempting to pick up so many of our experiences as to make it tiresome, both for writer and reader, let us come to an event that has a peculiar interest because of its rarity.

On October 6th, 1902, the writer was permitted to celebrate the Sixtieth Yearly Anniversary of his mar-

riage union with her to whom we were so solemnly united when we were both in our youth.

On page 169 of *A Few More Words* was printed the following, viz: "On page 479 of *Grace Magnified* I wrote: Wife and I are nearing our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Shall we reach it? Only God knows." And continued: "We did reach it, and are now within a very brief time of the *sixtieth* anniversary. Again I may ask: *Shall we reach it?* And answer again. Only God knows."

Few who are joined in holy wedlock have been favored as we in its continuance. The sixtieth anniversary did come, and we quietly observed it. Only two of our living children were with us to take part in the very simple ceremonies that were indulged. With one of these children we were spending what we believed to be our closing earthly days. The other came, with the wife of *his* choice, to add to our pleasures on this occasion. One of the great surprises and gratifications of all our lives was that this married son and our daughter-in-law brought us an original poetic production entitled: SIXTY YEARS.

This work of theirs contained a complete history of our married life in rhyme. The *sixty verses*, each beginning with the year specified, from that of "Eighteen hundred and forty-two" up to and including that of "Nineteen hundred and two," brought out about all the the facts of births, deaths, and marriages of all our children and grandchildren. These verses also traced our wanderings from place to place, through all our itinerant life and up to the time of this "Sixtieth Anniversary."

The matter thus contained in these sixty verses is too personal and sacred to be put in this book. But, the

*closing lines* are so impressive, tender, and touching, that they are here produced for the entertainment of the reader:

"And so the course of years has run
With trials met and duties done,
With joys that sorrows could not foil,
With leisure after years of toil;
A checkered course, not dark, but fair,
Since two were always present there
In joys and sorrows to unite,
And point each other to the light.
God grant their children's earnest prayer,
And long these faithful servants spare;
And when at length their goal is won,
Grant them the victor's crown—'Well done.'"

The reading to us of these verses, with all they contain, was fairly overwhelming in a delightful way; and this evidence of thoughtfulness and love will always be among our most cherished remembrances.

* * * * * * * * *

But now comes the exclamation "Once Again!" O how our joys and sorrows intermingle! I do not think it well to indulge in the pessimistic words of the poet when he writes: "We should suspect some danger nigh when we possess delight;" but it must be recorded that just four months and twenty-two days from this Oct. 6, 1902, the death angel came for this wife. More of this further on in this chapter of experience.

### *Other Deaths.*

In this world, where sin has made such havoc with human hopes, and where the almost universal rule is: "Death passes upon all men," our sorrows often tread very closely upon the heels of our joys.

The year 1902 closed with the shadows falling in other

places and on those to whom the bonds of friendship and kindred held us.

Right at the Christmas time when the expressions of good cheer are the rule, the notice came to others: "Arise ye and depart; for this is not your rest."

*Rev. B. M. Adams.*

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 24th, 1902, the papers heralded the intelligence that the Rev. Benjamin Merwin Adams, a brother in the ministry greatly beloved by multitudes, had been called to change worlds and had passed to his heavenly home at ten o'clock the previous morning. This dear brother was of the same Conference class with the writer, and had for more than fifty years been regarded with great affection. He had seemed strong in body as well as mind, and I had confidently expected that he would live and labor in the ranks of efficient ministers long after the hand that writes this had ceased to move. There had been an agreement between us, of some years standing, that he would attend my funeral. It had hardly entered my thoughts that I might be called to attend his. Soon after the announcement of his death had been noted, a kind missive came to hand which was in effect an invitation to be at his funeral in the church where he had so acceptably and usefully preached the gospel for the five years last past at Bethel, Conn.

I learned afterward that this was in accordance with his own directions, given near the close of his stay to his attendants. The distance being considerable, and for want of perfect information, it seemed almost impossible to reach the regular funeral services in time.

Further intelligence received later informed us that the precious remains were to be brought through Pough-

keepsie on Saturday, Dec. 27th, in care of a delegation of his devoted officials. This gave the opportunity to volunteer to meet the company and accompany them to the place of burial in the same pretty cemetery where we had both held plots in readiness for use when needed. The arrangement met with the approval of all concerned and was carried out. On the afternoon of the day preceeding his first Sabbath in heaven, we laid the sleeping form he had so recently occupied in the prepared place.

A last look upon his placid features brought the sweet assurance that he slept the sleep, not only that "would not wake to weep," but that he was numbered with those who sleep in Jesus, *to come with him in the day of final and glorious triumph.* Just as we committed "dust to dust" the sun broke forth from the clouds that had somewhat obscured it, and caused the snow mantled surroundings to sparkle as with diamonds of the purest water.

A memorial service was held in New York, at the Preachers' meeting, on Monday morning, Jan. 5th, 1903, at which the writer was permitted to read a paper setting forth almost exclusively his personal relations to this dear brother during our long and somewhat intimate acquaintance; and giving what, to us, was the manifest reason of his great influence as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the sessions of the New York and New York East Conferences that followed in April, obituary notices of Bro. Adams were inserted in the minutes of both. He belonged to the former for seventeen years of his earlier ministry before becoming connected with the latter. His greater distinction in the New York East Conference as Presiding Elder, General Conference delegate and Conference participant, grew until his removal.

His highest distinction, however, was as a man of God. A man of almost constant prayer. A successful and faithful pastor; a preacher of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in its fullness under the Holy Ghost dispensation. Ever emphasizing the importance of the pentacostal baptism.

*Another House of Sorrow.*

While we were in the very midst of the services connected with the transfer of this valued member of the class of 1848 of the New York Conference, the death messenger was busy in another family, quite intimately related to me and mine. A young man and woman, who were almost as our older children, had been joined in marriage by us nearly forty years prior to the events of which we are now writing. One of their precious daughters had fallen, in the flower of her youth, fifteen years since. Then the mother had been made a victim of disease, and removed from the care of the remaining daughter. Now the deeply bereaved husband and loving father was struggling in the unequal contest.

Having taken our part in the memorial exercises of Monday, Jan. 5th, I hastened to obey a summons elsewhere.

Upon reaching *that* "house of mourning" we learned that on Sunday, Jan. 4th, 1903, at 10.15 p. m. the end of earthly toils and trials had come to another pilgrim and he had entered into rest.

On Wednesday, Jan. 7th, the plot in Greenwood had another occupant, and the grave closed over the form of another who had suffered and endured much and only fairly reached the "three-score" without the addition of the "ten."

He had stood and borne his trials manfully, and died

with the testimony of all who knew him, that an honest man had lived and labored unfalteringly, and had gone to the approval of Him who judges only righteous judgment.

### *Wife Departed.*

Now comes an account of the bereavement that most nearly affected the chronicler of these "Fresh Experiences," aad leads us *Once Again*, to go over the old story of death's doings.

On Feb. 27th, 1903, the companion of so much of my life was in about her usual health, and present in the family all day. She sat with us at the social board at the morning, noon and evening meals, and was engaged during the day, even more fully than usual for her in making plans for continued life among us. After we bowed together at the family altar, as we had been wont to do, both morning and evening, through almost the entire period of our wedded union, she went upstairs to her room to prepare for the night's rest. Suddenly a noise was heard as of something falling. This precious wife was found about helpless on the floor. She was calm and referred to her condition as evidencing that "something was the matter," but manifesting none of the uneasiness that had been characteristic of her when anything serious was encountered. Such attention as was possible was quickly given and she was removed to her bed. With the inquiry made of her physician, "Doctor what is the matter?" and a word or two expressive of some conscious suffering, she passed into obliviousness as one falling into a heavy slumber. God's decision had been made, and the messenger had come for her departure. She knew no more of her surroundings, and breathed her life away during the twenty following

hours. Then the deserted tenement was left for our care. Her absent living children were summoned, and all reached the scene of this dispensation in time to participate in the preparation of the body for its resting place and in the interesting services that occurred on Wednesday afternoon, March, 4th in the home where her last earthly years had been spent. These services were conducted by our pastor, the Rev. Wm. N. Searles, D.D., assisted by others. They had a special feature in the reading of a simple, impressive and comprehensive creed that had been inscribed by the now motionless hand in a little book found among her effects. So much notice was then taken of this part of the ceremonies, and so many have referred to it since, that it is thought well to put it in here for more permanent preservation. It runs thus:

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God.

I DO."

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.

I DO."

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

I DO."

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved.

I DO."

It will readily be seen that this is *no* "man made creed," but consists simply in a few quotations from the New Testament scriptures, with the ready and hearty assent of the transcriber. (See Romans x: 9 and 13, and I John iv: 15, and v: 1.)

There were many more entries of scripture texts that

had been specially valued; and of comments sometimes from the other authors but often original, found in the scrap books of the now missing one.

On the margins of her well used and freely marked Bible were many things, to attract attention. There were enough of these to have formed a considerable "booklet."

The disposition to produce something of this kind quite possessed the mind of the bereaved husband; but knowing so well that if she could be consulted, she would not sanction such a work, we refrained from what would have been a pleasant service.

Her body was plainly and neatly dressed, and laid away in the place long since set apart near the village of Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N. Y. There a plot had been purchased many years since and put in order. And there the dust and ashes of our five darling infants, and young children, had been put to rest so that "Father" and "Mother" could have these between them as we sleep together awaiting the resurrection. Simple but not fulsome inscriptions are on the stones that mark these places; so that generations to come may not altogether forget whose bodies lie there. On wife's stone there is chiseled as husband's personal testimony:

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

A FAITHFUL WIFE AND MOTHER.

A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.

### *Some Thoughts on Marriage.*

Perhaps my mind has not been so startled since the event just related, as when a brother said to me in substance, during the summer of 1904: "Why don't you get another wife?" Before I hardly thought what I

was saying, I held up the finger on which is the badge of married union that my wife wore for five years before the "Sixtieth Anniversary" already noted, and that was transferred to my hand when she left for the heavenly home, and expressed myself as not being able to entertain such a thought.

It may be some one will say: "Do you think it wrong to marry again after death has separated man and wife?" Of course I must answer: No, it is not wrong if there is sufficient reasons for such a remarriage! The marriage ceremony does not recognize the binding obligation of the vows then taken beyond the earthly life of either of the parties joined. Paul, with all his doubtful advocacy of marriage at all, says in Romans VII: 2: "If the husband be dead, she" (i. e. the wife) "is loosed from the law of her husband." Undoubtedly the law that applies to the wife also applies to the husband. We are not however just here and now arguing a question of law, but of expediency.—What is right and best to do in a given case. So I may allow myself to say: That I do not believe it would be right for me, situated as I am, to remarry.

I can easily conceive of reasons that may not only justify, but even make it a duty for a bereaved husband to marry again. This may be especially so if he have small children to care for. He may feel called to seek another wife who would mother his children; but this is often a perilous and frequently an unsuccessful undertaking.

There are other reasons that may be urged. Sometimes a first marriage proves not to be a union of hearts; and a second, or even a third may really be *the* true marriage.

Then there is the argument, that the lonely one seeks,

with perfect propriety, a companion to cheer and comfort, and be as far as possible in the place of the temporarily absent and, for the time, lost one. This last reasoning might have some force if it would be right to discuss it, but even this has in it much more to be considered than what may readily appear. If the idea of companionship—company and comfort—be the only plea it should demand a consideration in its application to *both* parties, or become a merely selfish element and involve a happiness that would be too one sided to be in keeping with the spirit of Christianity. *I write from a Christian standpoint.*

I really doubt whether the pure love that brings together two young hearts (or older if the passion does not develop in youth) can ever be duplicated in after years, or transferred from one to another. I do however believe that sometimes the youthful, or early devotement of two hearts may fail of its gratification through some of the strange and to be condemned agencies, that are, like satan, protruding where they have no business; and whose interference allies them to the destroyer of all happiness. And so sometimes marriage alliances are formed that are not of God. Sometimes after years of heavy trials, and dark and unexplained dispensations, these hearts are brought together. It may be in this world—*perhaps oftener in the next.*

An inquiry may be injected here into this kind of soliloquy. Some one may say: "Do you not know that our Saviour overset all this kind of reasoning in his answer to the Sadducees as noticed by the evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke?" I answer unhesitatingly: No, I do not know or believe that! The Master's teachings did settle that there will be no marriage *engagements*, or marriage *ceremonies* in heaven; and really only

interests "those who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world." (See particularly Luke xx: 35 and 36.) But how does this interfere with the cherished belief that *hearts* that have been united here, shall be reunited there, to spend an eternity of bliss in such employment as shall be assigned them when all the hindrances to the most *perfect* union of earthly married life shall be swallowed up in the glory of the heavenly condition?

Another delightful truth, taught by the interview of Jesus with the quibbling Sadducees, is that in the heavenly state all jealousies and animosities, that so often curse us here and break into the harmony of the dearest relations, will be removed. We may be permitted to say: Blessed shall forever be the man or woman who having had more than one wife, or husband, shall meet them *all* again in the heavenly hereafter to find that nothing but love controls all and every part of society in the new Jerusalem! (See again and study more carefully with delight, the 36th verse of Luke xx; and look at Matthew xxii: 29 and 30; and Mark xii: 25.)

O the joyous prospect of all who love God supremely on earth meeting by and by, in an atmosphere of perfect harmony, to enjoy the greater felicities of the reunions that await those who have been joined mutually to God and each other in loving bonds here!

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon of the reader for writing so much on this delicate subject, but my answer is: This is *one* of the themes that took root in my thoughts, and led me to write this *Once Again*. My own sincere prayer is: That I may never drift, or be drifted into any act that would lessen my influence for good on the generation in which I live, or on any

that may follow. This earnest prayer makes me sometimes more afraid to live than to die.

Perhaps the most sensible and virtuous thing recorded of King David in his old age, in his relation to women, is found in the statement contained I Kings I: 1-4. But what was not challenged 3,000 years since and passed current then would be a scandal in this twentieth century. Even in David's time it led to jealousies and serious family troubles a little later on. (See I Kings II: 13-25.

It hardly comes in naturally here, and yet it may be added to this section that: Some marriages seem to be nothing more than gaining the sanction of human laws to flagrantly break God's commands. While some of the thoughts just expressed were in the mind of the writer, an account was noticed in one of our leading journals of some proposed legislation that would make the marriage vows refer only to a limited period of the lives of the contracting parties, and then cease of their obligation. It cannot be that so vile a suggestion can gain favor even in this corrupt age.

*Conference Session of April, 1903.*

The physical and mental strain of the months that marked the beginning of the year 1903 made it quite a question whether I could attend the Conference session that spring.

The place for the session that year remained unsettled until at a very late period. At last it was decided to be in Poughkeepsie in accordance with an invitation from the officiary of the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church. So the Conference was brought to me much to my delight.

On Wednesday morning, April 1st, the session was

regularly opened. Bishop Chas. C. McCabe was in the chair as the appointed President.

We were naturally gratified at this arrangement. Bishop McCabe had been of us for many years before his election in 1896 to the high and responsible office he now held; and this was his first Episcopal visit to this Conference. He had been familiarly known because of his wonderful relation to the war of 1860-4 as "Chaplain McCabe," and this appellation had held to him through all his great services as Secretary of the Church Extention Society, and afterward in the Missionary Society. We, who had been so closely joined to him in these Conference relatives, knew of his devout spirit, and unsurpassed, if at all equalled, energy and enthusiasm. We did not yet know what kind of a bishop he could or would make.

One of the oldest living members may be allowed to bear testimony that the Conference opened richly! In *his* belief, a better or more profitable session of the New York Conference was never held during all its long history of one hundred and four years. The brethren, who arrived at the Conference room to be on hand at its opening, had but little time to give to handshaking outside. Personal greeting, however pleasant, often consumes too much of the valuable hours that can be even more profitably employed.

Before the time for opening had fully arrived the Bishop was in his place, and the voice of praise and prayer was being lifted up. All who love the really best things were incited to hasten inside and have a part in these exercises.

So from the start, the coming together of those who were among the highly privileged, had a "good time." And there was no break in this "good time" until the

very close, and the appointments were read out and the body scattered again to preach the gospel on the hills and in the valleys of this old region, as well as in the great cities and large villages of the territory now known as "The old New York Conference."

Praise the Lord for brotherly love, and the religion of of Him who came into our world to redeem a fallen race, and to send men forth to preach the glad tidings *near and far!*

### *A Kindly Recognition.*

Among the very kindly considerations that came to me personally during this Conference, was a desire expressed upon the part of some of the brethern (in which I have no reason to doubt the body generally shared and would have joined) to insert in the minutes a notice of my recently departed wife. For the same reasons I have mentioned in connection with my thought of a "booklet," and for others that I named, I made decided objection to this action, and it was abandoned.

Such recognition in the way of obituary notices of faithful wives who have shared in the trials, and sometimes very great trials, of the itinerant life, is certainly grateful to those whose hearts are sore; but some of these dear women would not be in favor of such notice. Then to do this, establishes a precedent that sometimes might become embarrassing.

However I do not want to be reckoned as objecting to this being done by conferences that so elect as some do; and perhaps, in the future many others may do so also.

### *A Trip West Once Again.*

When my dear wife rested in the sleep that knows no waking until the resurrection, my thoughts turned to

the fact that I was a wanderer on the earth as never before. The inquiry arose: How shall I spend the time still allotted me to the best advantage? There is nothing more natural than that I should desire to be with our children all I could. Their mother was a poor traveler and had made her last long journey in visiting those who were separated from us by considerable distances.

I quickly decided that, as soon as such a trip could be arranged for, I would go once again to the west, and spend more time there than I had ever done before. Two daughters were in the city of Denver in the state of Colorado, and that city had, for many years, had charms for me beyond the power of gratification in the several short stays I had made there at intervals, in the more than thirty years since part of our family had become permanent residents out there

Some business matters, and an engagement to perform the marriage ceremony on June 10th, 1903, for one of my wife's kindred whose parents I united in holy bonds on December 7th, 1875, caused a few months of delay.

The intervening time I improved at home, and in some short runs in different directions.

Having completed preliminaries and gone, once again, to look at the "sleeping place" in Rhinebeck, on Tuesday, July 28th, I took a train on the New York Central Railroad on the evening of that day. A through ticket to Denver, Col., and also berths in "Pullman" all the way, had been secured.

The trip was a very pleasant one, and specially favored as to comfortable weather. With only one change at Chicago, I sped on; and on Friday morning was in the midst of the several members of my family dwelling in Denver.

Upon arriving at the end of this charming trip, I was so gratified that it seemed as though I would stay there as long as my way was open so to do. My former visitations had made me quite familiar with the city and with its immediate surroundings. I could go about without a guide and find readily the places I sought.

### *Privileges.*

The first Sabbath morning found me, after a long walk, a delighted listener to Bishop Warren in the Capital Hill Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening the same day I worshipped in Christ's Methodist Episcopal Church, which was only a short distance from my very comfortable abode in the home of one of the daughters I had come so far to see. So my privileges began; and they continued during all the nearly five months of my stay in these enchanting surroundings.

I had the great gratification of attending the session of the Colorado Annual Conference, presided over by Bishop Cranston. This was held, from August 26th–31st, in the church already indicated as being so near my temporary home.

I found a very instructive resort on Monday mornings by attending the Preachers' meetings of the Methodist ministers, and monthly of all evangelical ministers in a a union gathering.

### "*Holiness Meetings.*"

I found an orginized "Holiness Association" that held meetings in a hall at sundry times during the week and on Sunday afternoons. While I confess to regret that our brethren ever feel themselves called to form such "associations," as distinct from the regular means of grace in the churches, yet I know that they *sometimes* believe

themselves constrained so to do, and I am not among those who condemn them. Suffice it, that the exercises of all *such* gatherings have a charm for me; and I was not slow to put in an appearance among the attendants of these Sunday afternoon meetings.

On the very last days of August and some of the first days of September, a camp meeting was held in the outskirts of Denver, under the auspices of the "Holiness Association," that was a most earnest and profitable occasion. I was in attendance upon that meeting as much of the time as other duties and obligations would allow.

When visiting Denver some years previously, I was honored with the acquaintance of an elect lady who was one of the prominent members of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. This lady was specially interested in the doctrine and experience of Christian or Bible Holiness. Her residence was in the charming University Park, where the "University" itself is located, and where Bishop Warren has his beautiful home. I was permitted, in former visits, to meet with others at this Christian sister's house for the consideration and promotion of what lay so near her heart, and was considered as demanding more attention than it often receives. I called again upon this beloved of the Lord, and found her ready to welcome another attempt at a special meeting for the same worthy and most important object.

Accordingly, and without delay, a "Friday meeting" was instituted, and continued with gracious results. This meeting did not cease upon my return to the East, and did the work of the Lord as an agency in the entire sanctification of believers, and the rescue of perishing souls.

I had the honor of an invitation to preach before the

Sunday afternoon meeting of the "Holiness Association" already referred to. This invitation was gladly accepted and a sermon prepared upon a text in I Peter 1: 15-17, which reads in the Revised version: "But like as He which called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living; because it is written, ye shall be holy; for I am holy."

This sermon was delivered on Sunday afternoon Oct. 11th, 1903, and the Lord gave perfect liberty.

*An Interlude.*

There was an incident connected with this service that is related here just to show how conscientious and careful the members of that organization were; and, for the opportunity of saying that my spirit of love for them was rather intensified than disturbed by what I give my readers.

Just before the time for preaching had arrived, the leader of the meeting, who was also the President of the association—a dear good man, who was then in very feeble health, and has since gone to heaven—came from his place within the altar rail, where I had not yet been invited, and putting his arm tenderly about me said: "If our people notice that ring on your finger, they will not listen to you."

I was so assured of what the Lord would have me do in this situation, that I said in the best of humor: "*You leave that to me and I will get along with it.*" He hesitated, and went again to confer with his official associates. I was allowed directly to take the place of preacher and I began at the proper time. I told the audience (a very good one) that I was compelled to do what I had never done before, and that was to make a prelude to my sermon. I then related the kind words

and brotherly spirit of the president, and went on to state how the objectionable ring came to be on my finger.

All listened attentively and none left. I did not justify the wearing of jewelry, and told how averse both myself and my departed wife had always been to anything like display in that line since we became identified with the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. I then explained the impulse that had led me to appropriate this outward sign of our marriage. I told that when it had pleased the Lord to remove her and leave me to finish the earthly pilgrimage alone without her assistance, I had been moved to place this ring on my finger as a daily remembrance of solemn vows that must still have their influence over me. That I wore it much as many of my audience had on their badges of their relation to friends whose honor and standing they revered. *This was the substance of my "prelude."*

I do not think my explanation quite satisfied the more exacting of my congregation, but it seemed to put at rest all their opposition to me, and I do not think the ring was in the way of the operations of the Holy Spirit, as I set forth, with earnest words and warm heart, the obligations inculcated in the text.

The wearing of this ring is rather an embarrassment than otherwise, and I sometimes lay it off when I think it may offend the minds of some who do not understand the facts. The human hand is not adorned or beautified by rings, no more than other parts of these divinely formed bodies are by ornaments. But sometimes a badge may be worn, not only innocently, but with helpful significance. I believe the godly admonitions of the scriptures may be used out of place sometimes and not give their intended meaning. Peter exhorts, concerning the

women of his day, and by way of bringing out the important fact, that *character*, and not *tinsel*, or fashion, is precious in the sight of God. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, . . . . a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (See I Pet. III : 3–4.) So in Paul's letter to Timothy: "That women adorn themselves . . . . not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; . . . . but with good works." (See I Tim. II : 9-10.) These scriptures, and all like them, are admonitions that God looks at the heart and *knows* them that are His. He sees them and recognizes their obedience to Him, and not as they make a show before men.

The folly of both men and women shows itself in various ways. Sometimes in fussing with the hair as to how it must be fixed. Then again with the cut and style of the outward garments as the prevailing fashion demands, and then in "foolish adornments." But, when the heart is right, these outward things will have little influence, though they may have *some* importance, rightly and modestly considered.

### *The Altitude.*

As in former times, the altitude of Denver did not fully agree with me. The blood pressure was a little too much for my physical condition. A kind of dazed feeling was upon me much of the time. My tendency to brain trouble was evidently increased.

At different times I had a partial loss of memory and inability to get about without some appearance of being slightly intoxicated. Then a form of eczema attacked me upon almost all parts of my body, more especially

on my lower limbs. This was of a very stubborn nature and refused to yield to ordinary treatment. This condition of things led my kind and skillful medical adviser to express himself as convinced that I ought to return to my home in the East; and I came to entertain the thought of doing so at an earlier date than I had intended.

There were also some other reasons that may be noted further on; but these of themselves were sufficient and led me to the conclusion when some of the chief objects of my mission seemed to be accomplished as well as they could be, to arrange to get in the lower altitude again.

When the arrangements were about completed they were brought to a temporary stand still; and I was threatened with an attack of pneumonia. My kind physician almost decided that I must defer the thought of starting on the long journey, lest I should fail to accomplish it. However, this opinion was held in obeyance and I looked to the Great Physician for healing, if He might be pleased to so order.

On Thursday, Dec. 17th, the doctor pronounced both temperature and pulse normal, and gave his consent with some caution, to my plans.

### *The Returning Trip.*

On Monday evening, Dec. 21st, 1903, I took train for my trip from the state of Colorado to the state of New York, where I had begun this mortal life and where I expect now to end it. This return trip was also marked with much of Divine favor and protection. The Lord seemed to hold in check the severe weather that had recently prevailed—the evidence of which appeared in frozen streams and enormous icicles as we came toward

the Atlantic coast. On Thursday noon—one day before Christmas—almost on schedule time, our train rolled into the depot at Poughkeepsie, and I had the pleasure of meeting other parts of my dear family who had taken pains to be on hand to strengthen the joy of a safe return, and to welcome me back.

### *Another Son-in-law Gone.*

On page 13-14 of *A Few More Words*, a brief account was given of the sad fact that our eldest son was called unexpectedly out of time into eternity on Wednesday night, Oct. 3rd, 1900. In same volume, just before this statement, it was noticed that our eldest son-in-law was taken, even more suddenly, from his earthly surroundings in exactly one month, viz., on Saturday morning Nov. 3rd, 1900. So two families, both being branches of our own, were bereft in much the same way of the husband and father. Now, upon my return from Colorado, I found my youngest son-in-law very poorly and giving evidence that the day of his stay here was rapidly coming to a close, before advancing years had made any impression upon his strength, or weakened his facilities.

One of my reasons for coming back from Colorado, just at this time, was the knowledge that this son-in-law was running down. I felt a great desire to be of any possible service I might. It was not necessary for me to return for this purpose, but my heart moved me so to do; and I followed these inclinations and impulses, rather than avoid duties that seemed to me important.

Upon my arrival this son-in-law was quite as strong as I had anticipated finding him. He was able not only to be about the house, but he was going out more or less,

each day. He was a remarkable lover of the noble horse, and had a faculty and ability of horsemanship that but few possess to such a degree. So, almost every day, he went to ride. He had persisted, up to about this time in going to business often, and had not given up the purpose and expectation of resuming his place as an active and efficient partner in a large dry goods establishment.

It was evident, however, that the "destroyer "was creeping on, and getting much nearer than this victim anticipated. He never went to the store again after Christmas day. But he took part in that festive occasion at home, and was well represented in presents distributed. He was of a generous nature and was a kind and obliging friend. In his relation to his father-in law he had given numerous evidences of affection, and rendered real service at different times, in the several changes we had made from Poughkeepsie to Brooklyn and elsewhere and back again to Poughkeepsie. He had not only consented, but had made some sacrifices in his own home comforts, to provide a place for his wife's parents. We had possessed a close family relation in his house for the last eight years of our married life. After the event that left me so lonely, he assured me that my home was secure while my life on the earth lasted, and when I went west my "domicile" was not disturbed. The room, more sacred than any other place on this globe, was re-occupied upon my return from the few months absence.

There were many things about this son-in-law to make him "friends" and he had many of them. Some of these were worthy of his friendship, and some others were not.

### *A Deadly Enemy.*

He had been followed, unrelentingly, from his early manhood, by the most subtle, persistent and merciless demon that is allowed to prowl this earth. This deceiver was introduced to him, through mistaken medical advise, in the guise of a helper; but began, from the first, to reach after his vitals, and continued this until the noble, physical man, and the good mind and judgment were at last all a wreck.

### *An Effort at Rescue.*

Ever since his introduction into our family, and especially after he became a member thereof, this writer can testifiy, without any expectation of contradiction, that our heart went out in regard and solicitude to this young man, in about the same way as toward other sons. Both precept and example were exerted to do him good. At times plain and urgent entreaty was used to show and lead him in the right way. He never in any rude manner repelled these advances.

When I reached home in Dec., 1903, and saw the inroads being made upon this member of our group, my prayer went up, even more earnestly than ever, for a message to him and an opportunity to deliver it.

With the opening of the year 1904 I ventured on a trip, in the severest of the Winter weather, to New Haven, Conn., to accompany our granddaughter back to her school privileges, which had been suspended during the holiday vacation. This my son-in-law greatly appreciated, of which he gave substantial evidence. The weather was so severe that heavy overcoat and large shawl were necessary to protect the still tender lung from the sharp air that affected it.

Upon the return to Poughkeepsie my son-in-law was no better, but evidently failing.

On Sunday night, Jan. 24th, there came a crisis and he was much worse. This seemed *the* opportunity given in marked answer to prayer. He was approached with kind words, and in the same tender spirit in which the Master inquired of the poor fellow who had suffered with an infirmity, "thirty and eight years," when he asked: "Wouldest thou be whole?" (See John v: 5-6.) His attention was called to the Isrealites in the wilderness, when so many of them had been bitten by the fiery serpents, and were dying from the poison that had entered their veins. Also, to God's order to Moses to make a serpent of brass and to put it on a pole; and to His decree that whoever of the bitten victims would look upon the serpent of brass should be healed and live. Then his mind was drawn to the words of Jesus; "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (See Numbers xxi: 6-9 and John iii: 14-15.) He listened attentively and seemed really interested. He also gave some remarkable and unmistakably evidence of appreciation.

On the Tuesday morning following this special interview, at his particular request, when there were present, besides the regular family, his own mother and his business partner, we were gathered to read the Bible and have prayer. This we did with a sense of the Holy Spirits' gracious influence attending.

On Thursday evening following, as we returned from the regular midweek prayer meeting, he welcomed us at his bedside, and although a little delirious, *said emphatically*: "I want you to come in, and come in often!" He was then exhorted, in a subdued voice, to look to the

Great Physician. The familiar words: "The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus," were quoted in his ear, and he was assured that none could sympathize with him as the loving Jesus who died for him.

### *No Further Opportunity.*

The following morning he was removed into the room from which his mother-in-law took her heavenward flight a few months previous. This was in accordance with his inclination to be in that room where he had been accustomed to go somewhat frequently, and to company with the now absent one. He seemed to *think* much of her since she was there no more.

From that time, during the twelve days he remained with us, he had but little consciousness of his surroundings. He tried at times to struggle against the inevitable, and often endeavored to help himself beyond the possibility of his being able to do.

He did not want to die, but the hour drew rapidly on. The decision was made, and God had ordered the close of his earthly career.

On Thursday morning, Feb. 11th, 1904, at 1.30 o'clock, his heart ceased to beat, his chest ceased to heave, and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

Thus passed away a man, who, from our stand-point, ought to have lived and blessed the world for many years. His emaciated body was, with great care for its preservation and safety, lain quite near that of his wife's mother, on Monday, Feb. 15th. This was believed to be his wish from some expressions he had made when visiting her resting place. Her taking away, during his absence from home, was a great shock and affliction to him, from which he never recovered.

It may be only a vison of my mind and have no real

existence, but somehow I have, ever since that Sunday night, some two weeks before this soul was called away, seen a little pure gospel seed finding its place in his open mind and heart and germinating beyond our ken. Perhaps when he left the earthly tabernacle, the eye of his faith may have been, though only obscurely and feebly, upon the cross and the crucified. Oh the tenderness of that love, that responded so quickly to the penitent at his side, when a simple request for remembrance was uttered in his ear! *And that too while himself in the agonies of a violent death!*

*Another Vision.*

It was the influence of this case upon my mind; as well as the fullness of love being poured into my soul, that led, a few months afterward, to another vision in the night, that made so deep an impression that it led to the printing of an invitation card with the words on one side:

> "Him that cometh to me
> I will in no wise cast out."
>
> John VI, 37.
>
> (SEE OTHER SIDE)

And on the "other side," in very large letters:

> COME

These cards have been circulated by the hundreds, and from them we believe there will be some good fruit.

Let this section be closed with the exclamations:

Oh the terrible nature, danger and consequence of sin! Let all these be trumpeted everywhere, as among the *warnings* we are commissioned to convey to men, while we continue to "cry aloud," and labor zealously for the rescue of the sinner!

### *A Remarkable Boy.*

Soon after the tragedy, only hinted at in the former section of this chapter, another experience occurred that was different in many of its features, and yet also had its sad side.

But the cloud in this case, had a distinctly marked silver lining.

A little boy, only six years old, was brought from the far West by his doting mother to visit relatives, and for a special purpose as will appear in the narration. This little boy was, in years, only a child. He was beautiful in person and endowed in a remarkable way, with a power of voice and faculty of imitating the sweetest notes of the songsters that so entrance the lovers of music. He was also a simple and devout Christian child, and seemed not to have lost the initial justification that comes to all children under the broad cover of the atonement. The endowments of this child, naturally led his parents to desire to give him *special* and *expert* advantages for the cultivation of the gifts put upon him. So in the month of January, 1904, the excusably proud mother started with her boy on the long journey of 3,000 miles from Tacoma, in the state of Washington, to the city of Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York.

It was an unusally severe Winter in the East; and the great change of climate was too much for the boy with the delicacies of childhood upon him. He soon began to droop. With skillful medical treatment and careful nursing, he rallied so that the mother felt she could proceed with her cherished mission. Early in March the trip was made to Greater New York; and this remarkable boy introduced to the attention of prominent and professional parties who became at once greatly interested in his exhibited powers. An arrangement was made to bring him more fully into notice in the St. Thomas Protestant Episcopal Church in the Borough of Manhattan.

But alas, before this plan could be carried out, the little boy gave evidence of more alarming illness, and the backward journey to Poughkeepsie was decided upon. It was at once evident, in the mature and learned judgment of the same skillful physician who had treated him so successfully before, that he was marked for an early death.

There is really nothing in the statement: "Such children always die young." They do not, or the remarkable men and women, who were remarkable from their childhood, would never have had their later lives written for the benefit of others.

Sometimes these remarkable children are removed from the trials and temptations of this life, before these come upon them, as they would have to be met in later years.

Let us be careful that we do not impugn the Divine wisdom that orders and over-rules; and sometimes sets aside all our plans that we part with so reluctantly. Well so it was in this case. Physicians were summoned and nurses employed, and no pains, or expense, spared

to combat disease and lengthen out the life of this remarkable boy.

The father came on in haste, from the troubled home, and arrived in time to give such personal attention as he could to the little sufferer. The mother felt that her prayers for the recovery of her boy *must* be answered. But, despite all these means and influences, the inroads of firmly rooted disease refused to yield, and it was daily observant that this child was soon to leave this world.

When he was brought back from New York, and his anxious mother hovered over him in her desire to retain him, he calmly told her that he was "going home to Jesus."

What gives this case a peculiar interest to the writer, as placed among our experiences, is that this child came into the world on exactly the same date in June (the 29th) as marked the birthday of the companion of so much of my earthly life; and his departure was on the exact date in March (the 20th) that marks my own birthday. These of course are only what we call "co-incidents," but co-incidents are sometimes impressive, and fix in our minds many things more fully than they would otherwise be fastened.

On Sunday, March 20th, 1904, just before the midnight hour, as the 79th Anniversary of my birth (which was also on Sunday) was closing, the pure spirit of this little Christian boy escaped from his distressed body, and went to the arms of Him who has said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In company with the pastor, with whom the writer had been associated in visiting this afflicted family, we had the privilege of attending a service on Monday

evening, March 21st, and looking upon the features, calm in death, of this greatly beloved *only child* whose body had been carefully prepared for the long journey westward to be lain among his kindred. The next morning the sad, and almost disconsolate parents were on their way with this sacred charge, and in due time they arrived with it. On March 29th, the prepared grave took to its embrace this lovely form.

Another co-incidence may be noted here, viz: Both the father and mother of this prodigy were themselves only children of their parents.

*Some Lessons.*

Does unbelief or skepticism say: "This was a hard and unkind dispensation?" We answer; *not so!* Think of the honor put upon these parents in having such a child. Then think of the eternal delight which is before them as they submit to the decision of infinite wisdom and love and say: "The will of the Lord be done!"

Somehow there has been pictured before my mind this remarkable boy placed in the heavenly choir for the entertainment of the innumerable company about the Throne. Forever free from the temptations and snares that would most certainly have been his if he had been subjected to the flatteries and adulations that would have come to him if his singing had been confined to the praises of fallible and enthusiastic audiences, that often do not measure the influence of their expressions. Then, let it be remembered that the advantages coveted for that child *here* will be without doubt infinitely outmeasured by the schooling and drill of the redeemed in the palace of Angels and of God.

These thoughts are put in print in hopes that they

may do something to assuage the grief of the immediately bereaved ones; and in further hopes that they may minister something to others, who in their turn, have measured out to them what they find it so difficult, at times, to recognize as coming to them from a hand more loving than that of any earthly friend—even from Him who is "Too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

*Conference of 1904.*

Now another meeting of our beloved brethren of the New York Conference was at hand, and I had the inestimable satisfaction of another invitation to be the guest in my former parishioner's home where I had been a kind of member of the family for so many years. I was most comfortably entertained and real handy to the means of conveyance, in the use of which I could go to and come from the Conference room for the small sum of five cents a trip; and with such expedition that I could be in time for the morning devotions, as well as get the entire benefit of the business matters from the beginning to the end.

The session was a very pleasant and profitable one, under the presidency of Bishop Edward G. Andrews, who was especially dear to New Yorkers. He was our "resident Bishop" and greatly beloved for his urbanity and wisdom. Many other excellencies endeared him to all who came within his influence.

If I mistake not, this was the last Annual Conference assigned Bishop Andrews in the exercise of his office, as an active "General Superintendent." I doubt whether he himself, or many of his intimate friends, then thought that he would be so soon reckoned among the "Superannuates." Well, there is work enough yet for him; and it may be that his release from the exact-

ing duties of traveling throughout the connection, and taking charge of the Conferences, as the appointing power, with all its great responsibilities, may make him more *efficient* during his remaining years, than he could otherwise have been.

### *What Next?*

When the Conference session of 1904 closed, there came to me almost a conviction, that "the time of my departure was at hand." I had experienced many of the same mental exercises that Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles had given vent to in his day. I know I have need of care in comparing myself with that wonderful Evangelist, yet, I had felt much of late: "A desire to depart and be with Christ." This desire however, had not been gratified; and I had been kept from impatience at the delay. But now, as I returned to my uncertain home, with all the facts of my surroundings before me it seemed to me that the time for me to go to the higher and larger sphere was at hand. I had attended the Conference for the 56th time, and was on the superannuated list, and evidently being looked upon, by many, as "worn out" and so put aside often when it seemed to me that I might perform some service. This was and is all right so far as the brethren are concerned.

I felt that I could say in a modified way: "I have fought a good fight,"—The fighting had never been very hard, and I felt that I might have been a better soldier, but the warfare had been in the ranks of noble men, and under a Divine leadership of which I felt I might justly boast; and put the defects and failures "under the blood." I felt also that I might say, with some degree of comfort; "I have kept the faith." I had not been switched off on any of the side tracks, that lie alongside

the straight and plain highway that leads steadily upward and onward to the glory life. I had continued to call sinners to repentance, and believers to full salvation. But I was getting old in the estimation of others, and my later convictions of the future life, in its employments, seemed to be opening to me a more to be desired field than a further stay in the church militant.

These reflections may all have been wrong, and I did not seek to cherish them unduly, so as to fall into condemnation, or feel that my Heavenly Father was displeased. My prayer was then, and is still: O Father, when my death will be of more value to others, and to the cause of Christ, in this world, than my continued earthly life, please let me depart hence and be with Thee and the loved ones who are already there!

The immediate future of my remaining days had to be considered; and while I wanted to be careful in any discisions I should make, I could not see how some problems could be solved so well as by my departure.

### *Helped.*

I was aroused from this reverie by the kind counsel and companionship of my pastor. He insisted that I could be of service to him; and extended to me a very brotherly and cordial recognition as an associate. This did much for me; and all the more when I found that the pastor did not propose to over-load me with duties for his own relief; but that he intended to go to work most diligently himself, and only asked me to help where he saw I could with the careful use of what powers I had.

### *Some Mental Musings.*

My children were largely where I could expect to see but little of them; and yet I had a desire to be with them

what and when I could. My temporary home was with one of them; but she had her plans, and I must not be a hindrance rather than a help. My only son was settled in his beautiful new home in New Haven, Conn., and fully occupied with the pressing duties in fulfillment of his office as Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the Kent Laboratory connected with the Yale University. To think of a home with him was to consider severance of all the ties that bound me to Poughkeepsie and go among strangers at my advanced period of life, outside the bounds of my own cherished Conference.

### *Stockport Once Again.*

One of the desires of my mind had been to visit once again the scene of my earliest labors in the itinerancy.

On June 15th, 1904, I awoke with a rather sudden impression as of a voice speaking to me and saying: "Now is the opportunity to do what you have so long desired." I acted upon the impression thus made, and started for Stockport, where, 56 years since, I went as a young minister and probationer in the ranks of the remembered and revered brethren, the most of whom had now passed away. The trip was a very impressive one, as by train and trolley I rode to a point quite near the site of the old church, that I called to mind so clearly. A young man, whom I did not learn, until after we set out for a long walk together, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, volunteered to become my guide. Together we climbed the hill into the old burying-ground where the bodies of many of my former parishioners lie mouldering back to dust. The church building was there no more. It had been removed to a more eligible place, and greatly improved in appearance.

With my companion, I looked the ground over and

was much interested. Then we strolled toward the home of my little family, so peculiar in some of its features and experiences when we occupied it in the Conference years 1848 and 1849. It was some two and a half miles from the church towards the city of Hudson. On the way we met with much kind attention. The Protestant Episcopal Church was opened for us that we might look at the tablet in memory of a gentleman who was one of the most respected men in this community in the days when I was serving my first pastorate. He was particularly remembered as a kind and generous friend of the Methodist Church in his life. So we walked on and conversed freely of the by-gones.

After parting with the young man, who had contributed so much to make my visit to these former scenes so enjoyable, and getting an assurance from him that we would meet in heaven, I pursued the walk alone. Just then I saw an old gentleman approaching in his wagon, and I mentally said: "If this man invites me to ride, I will regard it as of the Lord, and will accept." Sure enough, when opposite me, the rider held up and asked me to join him. When I had taken my seat, I inquired whither the traveler was going, and was informed that he was on the way to the exact house that I desired to visit. We entered into a conversation and I referred to the former days when I had lived for two years in a part of that house with a farmer, giving the name of my landlord. The gentleman said he "remembered a young minister used to live there by the name of Browning." So I had been directed to the only man I met that day who could enter, to any degree, into my experiences of the 56 years since. The house, toward which we were thus going is a large one. It had been a hotel before being owned and occupied by the farmer who so kindly

rented me some rooms in my emergency, as related in the book *Grace Magnified* on pages 52–57. Since then, a sad change had come over the premises. The fences were down; the unkept door-yard but poorly brought to mind the pretty lawn with its knoll of flowers; and the house was again, "A public house." However we drove to the door and I entered the room that was, in our day one of the nicest we had, and that was rendered memorable as the birth-place of one of our daughters. This room was now the "Bar-room," and the proprietor was there engaged in serving those who called for drinks and cigars. This gentleman received me kindly and offered to treat. The latter favor of course I declined, and took occasion to drop some tenderly expressed words, as I related my former experiences in this neighborhood, and in this house. All was accepted courteously, and I was granted freedom to look over the rooms where, with my young wife and babies, I had dwelt so long ago. After leaving these associations, I started to walk to "Columbia Springs" where I used to go often and get the sulphur water for my father-in-law when he was our visitor. This walk seemed much longer now than it used to; and, after some religious conversation with those I met on the way, finding my time expiring, I stopped a little short of "the Springs" and took the trolley back to Hudson and returned to Poughkeepsie with a grateful heart that I had accomplished a wish that I had long entertained.

### *Cornwall Jubilee.*

Just a few days after the experiences as to Stockport, I had the great pleasure of participating in a "Jubilee" at Cornwall, N. Y. Twenty-eight years ago I had the honor of being a pastor in this place among the "High-

lands." It was very delightful to me to have a cordial invitation to take part in some elaborated services arranged to celebrate the fiftieth year of the founding of the church there. It is to be noted that the years that had passed since my pastorate here were just half of those that had elapsed since my first pastorate; and so I was twenty-eight years older when preaching the gospel at Cornwall than when serving at Stockport. The "Jubilee" was a very happy occasion. After an early sail upon the morning of Monday, June 20th, 1904, I was in time for the social gathering of many old, and younger friends at the noon meal most sumptuously prepared for the guests. After this we had some very interesting exercises in the church with other former pastors. I returned to Poughkeepsie rather late that Summer evening, but with a feeling that the day had been well and profitably spent.

*Commencement at Yale.*

Closely following these experiences, was a visit to my son at New Haven; and an attendance upon the "Commencement Exercises" of the University with which he is identified. My son's position, and especially because he was assigned duties in connection with the seating of audiences during the "Commencement" week, gave me some desirable advantages. This led me to set out upon this expedition on Saturday, June 25th, 1904.

Although I had been honored with the graduation of two sons at this Institution of learning, I had enjoyed but few of the many entertainments furnished from time to time, and from year to year. Now, there was opened to me an unusual privilege.

The Baccalaureate address of President Hadley was on Sabbath morning, June 26th. The day was one of

the hottest of the Summer of 1904. This was in great contrast to my former visit in New Haven amidst the severities of the Winter preceding. My son, knowing my practice and feelings, did not propose a trolley ride for the two miles that separated us from "Woolsey Hall," but, most kindly, accompanied me on a delightful walk down and back, to the heart of the city to attend the large gathering of Alumni Graduates, distinguished guests and friends, that filled all the accommodations of this new auditorium.

The exercises were very interesting. I had a seat from which they could all be seen, heard and enjoyed.

I will not attempt to report the President's discourse on that occasion, nor his apt and appropriete remarks, when he conferred the numerous degrees, that honored their various recipients on "Commencement Day" which was on the Wednesday following. I will only say: That the religious spirit, and sentiment, running through the whole led me to feel most grateful for the tone, that could not fail to impress all, that this institution is under the influence of our Holy Christianity; and, if its thousands of students will yield themselves to the best impressions that come to them during the years of study, and ceremonies of graduation, the world will be constantly made better by the large classes that annually go forth to life's realities from these educational halls.

We went back and forth to the varied gatherings, and even some of the sports that occurred in their arranged order.

The weather moderated and the convenient modes of conveyance, at hand, were freely patronized.

This was indeed one of the eventful weeks of my life. On Thursday, the last day of June, I was conveyed

safely and rapidly back to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with a feeling that I had been highly favored, and had much added to my stock of information that could be used along the remaining period of earthly stay; and, I trust, be in some way helpful through eternity.

### *Ocean Grove Once Again.*

When returning from New Haven, after the Commencement Exercises, it was my purpose and expectation to return there again about Aug. 1st.

But, "We know not what a day may bring forth;" and often our plans do not come to pass in accordance with our thoughts. A train of circumstances changed what had seemed the right thing to do; and, with a short trip away, and the spending of Sunday, July 10th with some relatives in a quiet retreat back of Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y., I was led to the conclusion that it was in the Lord's order, that I should spend another season at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

There in days past, I had been wont to put in whole Summers in close relation to the great attractions and privileges of that wonderful place.

Accordingly preparations were made and quarters engaged. On Wednesday morning, July 27th, in company with my kind and loving son, who had taken pains to accompany me part of the way, a sail was enjoyed on the fine steamer Mary Powell down the magnificent Hudson River to the great city of New York. From thence I crossed to Jersey City and took passage on the train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and long before evening, I was comfortably *settled* in a nice room, with all necessary conveniences in one of the most eligibly situated and well kept hotels by the sea-shore, for a stay if it might so be, of several weeks.

### *Family Worship.*

One of the things that is often neglected, or omitted, by Summer tourists, or visitors to places of resort, is the special and helpful religious gatherings for worship at the family altar.

In former years it had been my office and pleasure to be identified with a morning service of family worship at this same hotel. So I was not slow to confer with the proprietor as to the possibility of such an arrangment *once again.*

He most cheerfully and readily sanctioned this suggestion and gave his co-operation. A neat notice was prepared and placed conspicuously at the entrance to the parlor, reading thus :

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE A BRIEF SERVICE OF FAMILY WORSHIP EACH MORNING AT 8.15 O'CLOCK IN THE PARLOR.

ALL MOST CORDIALLY INVITED.

The consequence was that, without an omission, the voice of song, scripture reading and prayer, was heard, for 15 minutes each morning, from July 28th to Sept. 6th.

The attendance upon these exercises was never very large, and never what it seemed it might have been if all the guests had appreciated the arrangement. But the seasons were always profitable. Some of them bore immediate fruit ; and it is believed that the results were far-reaching. Of course the attendants were constantly changing, as the comers and goers mingled and commingled,—welcoming each other upon arrival, and saying "good bye" upon parting.

Some very helpful assistants were found in the conduct of these exercises, both among ministers and laymen who were among us from time to time. Also among the lady guests we found helpers, particularly as leaders of the music. One little girl ought to be specially remembered who was always ready, even, if her breakfast must be deferred, or passed altogether.

It was indeed a means of grace highly esteemed by some; and gracious influences, no doubt, followed many to their homes when they left. It is hoped that something was done to repair family altars, that had fallen into partial decay; and possibly to lead to the erection of some that ought to have been established before.

*St. Paul's M. E. Church.*

The visitors at Ocean Grove should always be informed that it is not only a "Summer Resort," but also a place of residence for an increasing number of families who have their homes there, and who enjoy, at all times, the privileges of a settled community.

It is a regular appointment in the list of the New Jersey Conference and is always supplied with a faithful and zealous pastor, and a flourishing membership.

The exercises of the church established there, are somewhat modified when the "season" opens under the direction of the "Association," which begins each year at about, or a little before, July 1st, and runs into the early days of September. But the services identified with "St. Paul's" are not altogether suspended at any time. It is well for all who are seeking the best things when they spend some time at Ocean Grove, to know that, both before and after the "special days," they may find regular and profitable meetings to which they are invited.

The writer of this learned these things in the years when spending much time as a cottage holder in Ocean Grove.

Upon the evening of our first day's stay in the year 1904 — it being Wednesday evening — we went to the regular "mid-week prayer meeting" in St. Paul's church. The meeting was an excellent one and I was brought into a more intimate acquaintance with the then present pastor.

This, and other fellowships with this devout and diligent man of God, led him to ask me a few days later if I "liked to preach sometimes?" My ready answer was: I like to preach all the time, but am restrained by the advice of my kind physicians. This, I thought, would preclude any further advances in that direction by my questioner. On the following Wednesday evening I was at the prayer-meeting again; and then learned that on the approaching Sunday the sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be observed. I was asked, if I "could safely make some remarks in the way of a short address on that occasion?" I thought I could do that, and so engaged to. This brought a wonderful revelation and inspiration that was as unexpected as it was comforting. The advice I had received, and the knowledge I had of my own physical condition, had led me to much care as to my public exercises; and begotten the purpose not to put myself in the way of invitations to preach, although the self-denial was often great. But now my "Great Physician" had an opportunity to display His skill in a way I had not anticipated, as I resolved, shall I say, to be *more fully* in His hands.

### *A Wonderful Experience.*

When the notices of the approaching Sunday services appeared in the Saturday papers, I discovered myself

advertised to preach. The thought came to me, that as I had had nothing to do with this announcement, I ought to regard it as an over-ruling not to be unheeded. A text came to me and a line of thought that I hastily put in the best order of arrangement I could in the short time to be thus used. I set myself to consider this outline and mentally to enlarge upon it.

While engaged in so doing on Saturday evening, as I sat outside on the porch, to get the benefit of the pure atmosphere prevailing, suddenly my head became oppressed and my thoughts confused.

The impression came to me that I was transgressing and that I ought to find the pastor and notify him that I probably would not be in a condition to serve him, in any way on the Sabbath so near at hand. With this thought in mind I put on my hat to go to the parsonage. When, as if spoken to me, came the suggestion: "This is hasty and distrustful; go to bed and get rested."

It was still early but I acted at once, upon this that seemed such good and reasonable advice. *I had a sweet night's sleep and awoke refreshed.*

After conducting the family worship in the parlor on Sabbath morning I went as usual to the 9 o'clock "holiness meeting" in the tabernacle. Quite to my surprise, the good bishop in charge accosted me, upon my entrance, and invited me to give the opening scripture lesson. As this was not of my seeking, and a lesson was on my mind, I gladly complied; and enjoyed much liberty while so engaged in reading and exposition. At the close of this meeting, I repaired to St. Paul's to fill my engagement there. The congregation was good and expectant, and I took my part under the direction of the pastor.

When the time came for preaching, I learned that

twenty minutes only could be spared for that part of the service. My mind and heart were both full. I was enabled to crowd a forty minute discourse into half that time (a task quite difficult to perform as every preacher will testify). I was permitted to set forth, with little opportunity to enlarge, several regards in which the "Lord's Supper" may and ought to be celebrated as a "memorial" arranged by the Master himself before leaving his disciples. The recent observance of the Annual "memorial services" under the direction of the Association, on Sunday, July 31st, in the tabernacle, when kind words of remembrance had been spoken of so many who had "gone away" during the past year, afforded an appropriate illustration to help this discourse.

The sermon, such as it was, being over, I had the privilege of assisting in the distribution of the elements representing the broken body and shed blood of our Risen Saviour.

Usually on sacramental occasions in this church there is no lack for helpers from among the several retired ministers who are making a mecca of their residence in Ocean Grove: but on this Sunday, as it is likely to be when there are services in the Great Auditorium, they were all elsewhere.

These sacramental exercises being ended, I repaired to my place at the hotel with a question: Whether I had over done? Dinner being through I felt so far from being entirely exhausted that I decided to go to the Bible Class in the Auditorium. I always feel quite at home there from having held the position of "Vice President" in some former years. To my surprise again, the leader came directly to me, upon his entrance, with an invitation to offer the opening prayer. This I

did with no apparent harm to my vocal organs, filling in the great house.

This day was in the interest of the Womans' Foreign Missionary Society. Doctor Leonard, the well known Missionary Secretary, had discoursed to the multitude in the morning.

After the Bible Class, this official orginization held another meeting, to which I had the privilege of remaining and listening to the instructive and encouraging addresses — especially one by Bishop Warne.

The inclination to go to the "Beach Meeting" was not yielded to; but I assembled with the large congregation in the evening to enjoy the rare treat of a full discourse by the same Bishop who spoke so helpfully in the afternoon.

I retired to my room that night most thankful to God for His support, and with the conviction, more fully upon me, that I was not yet quite worn out, and praising the name of my Keeper.

*Bro. Franklin's Class.*

The reference to St. Paul's church, as among the institutions and attractions of Ocean Grove, ought not to be closed without calling attention to one of the most remarkable and profitable of all the means associated with that place of worship. There has been held, for many years, a Monday evening class under the leadership of Rev. William Franklin, that has been doing a great work of salvation, and is the resort of the knowing from all parts of the world, as they have opportunity to meet with the faithful and regularly attending membership. The writer learned about this class some years since, and always rejoices in being permitted to go there. This we did upon our visit to Ocean Grove in the Summer of

1904. The spirit was as in former years, and the crowds found it difficult to get into the room assigned for this meeting. Bro. Franklin is a retired minister, but of the number that never rust out. He has been in feeble health for a long time, and during the Summer now being noticed, it seemed that he could not remain on the earth until the close of "the season."

He did however; and, at this writing is still active and useful. This class knows no suspension, except for the two Monday nights embraced in the "Camp-meeting days" when Bro. Franklin is more busy than ever in the "Helping hand" meeting of which he has long been the recognized leader. Whether this dear brother will be among men when these references to him are read cannot now be predicted. But if he is not, he will be with God.

*Other Meetings.*

My arrival at Ocean Grove, on July 27th, 1904, was in the "height of the season." The daily meetings, in the Temple and Tabernacle, at 9 o'clock each morning were in progress. The Sunday services were in the great Auditorium where there was preaching both morning and evening. The "Union Sunday School" was organized and doing its work, in the different departments, in all the several buildings used for these purposes. The "Beach Meeting" at the shore, was being held regularly at 6 p.m. on each Sunday evening.

Those who have not been to this wonderful place can scarcely gather a proper idea of these meetings by what may be said, or written, of them. It needs a looker-on and a participant, to get the facts imprinted on the mind and memory.

To give direction to all these meetings, and see that

they are properly conducted, is no small matter and involves great wisdom and responsibility.

*Principles of Association.*

"The Ocean Grove Association" has been regarded as standing for the highest possible attainments in religious life, and for the consistent and scriptural exposition and illustration of the doctrine and experience of "Christian Perfection." Consequently all who become members of this Association are justly expected to exemplify in life, conversation and example, the true spirit of Christ, or otherwise the avowed purpose of the organization is not only marred, but harmful results must follow.

It has been a perplexing problem, what to allow, and what not to allow. The unprejudiced observer must admit that there has been no hasty consideration of these questions.

In the passing 35 years, many changes in the sentiments of many people have taken place; but it will not do to admit that Christianity in its best exhibition to the world, admits of changes.

Of course the minds of honest, and thoroughly consecrated, men will be influenced in some degrees by the changes that take place in society. The best means of reaching the best results in the effort to save all classes of this society must always be an important question.

Every change in method should be of such a character that it can be advocated as intending to accomplish more good; and bring more of this world's inhabitants under the influence of the glorious gospel of salvation.

The fact that the authorities have introduced entertainments of different kinds into the attractions of Ocean Grove; and that they have lessened to some ex-

tent, the rigid rules and requirements that used to be enforced, is a matter for criticism at times. It must be said however that "Outsiders" cannot judge of these things as those upon whom the direct responsibility rests. There is nothing easier than to find fault; and there is often nothing harder than to suggest improvements upon what we do not exactly like. Let all the lovers of good things, and especially those who really desire the fullest success of this wonderfully developing spot, see to it that in all they think, and particularly in all they say, they not only have the approval of their own consciences, but that they do not call in question the good judgment and honest intentions of those who are responsible for the entire program. The thirteenth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians is invaluable to all who want to be just right. The great agency in saving this world and establishing the Kingdom of the Redeemer, is the exhibition of the New Testament standard of piety upon the part of those who openly profess faith in Jesus.

Those among men who live in these days, although not members of the churches, know all about the fundamentals of Christianity and are ever looking for evidence as to its saving power in the lives and actions of those who have joined themselves to the churches. They read them more carefully than they read other things; and they are often good judges of what is, and what is not the spirit of the Master. For these reasons, I have long felt that the mission of Christ's Ambassadors in this day, and where the gospel has been long preached, is to the members of our churches. When Jesus was upon the earth His most energetic and positive denunciations were to the chief men among the Pharisees who boasted of their goodness but were really stumbling

blocks in the way of the progress of the salvation He preached to others.

### *Children Noticed.*

One of the most effective means used at Ocean Grove to accomplish the spiritual interests of the multitudes who gather there, is addresses by those who are specially endowed in this line to win the young.

Too much pains cannot be taken here. Let the children be properly instructed as to their normal relation to Him who said "suffer the little children to come unto me," and the time will rapidly roll on when "all shall know the Lord."

There needs a great revival of family religion; and the institution of the "family altar" and all public religious instruction, in all places, should partake largely in the enforcement of this truth.

### *Wonderful Scenes.*

As I have sat, from time to time, and looked over the immense audiences assembled in the several places of worship at Ocean Grove,—"The Holiness Meeting" in the Tabernacle; "the Young People's Meeting" in the Temple, led for so many years by Rev. Mr. Yatman; and the worshippers in the Auditorium sometimes numbering as high as 10,000, and even more—it has seemed to me that I got a view of part of the "multitude" who are already crowding about the Throne on high, and adoring the King of Kings.

### *Meeting Friends.*

One of the very pleasant things in being at Ocean Grove, for one who has had a long experience in the Christian ministry, is in connection with meeting former

associates who gather there from so many places. Some are former parishioners. Some are children of such parishioners who recall a childhood remembrance of "father's" or "mother's pastor." Some are kindred, or children of kindred, who are interested in meeting again, or for the first time, one of whom their dear ones have spoken and kindled the desire to meet. Several such meetings, some of which were great surprises, could well be written out in this chapter on "Fresh Experiences." We are all making history and it would be well often to note more carefully the passing events.

### *The Camp-Meeting.*

It is not too much to say that the hopes and expectations of those who most deeply love Ocean Grove, center in the annual "Camp-meeting" that occurs each year in the ten days included in the close of August. During this most sacred time, all diversions, so far as possible, are put aside; and no entertainments other than those connected with these continuous exercises that have the one object of leading souls to immediate decisions, and high spiritual results, are allowed.

Some remarkable leaders have been identified with the Camp-meeting at Ocean Grove for years past; and these were promptly on hand for this season 1904. With Rev. Joseph H. Smith; Mrs. Lizzie Smith; Miss Lizzie Sharp; and a host of active evangelists, and prominent preachers, from all over the world; and with meetings from 5:45 in the morning until bed time, with only short intermissions, there is no lost time to those who are interested in the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in the souls of men.

The entire season of 1904, and particularly the "Camp-meeting," was admitted to be at least one of the best in

the history of Ocean Grove. The numbers in attendance could at no former time been greater; and the crowds often could not be accommodated with comfortable places; and only found room by standing in the doorways; and even then could not always get within hearing distance.

The preaching was always good, and some of the messengers seemed to be *specially* inspired to deliver words accompanied with gracious influences that could not fail of permanent results.

Lest mistakes might be made in giving names it will only be recorded here that the lines between denominations were very dim. Baptists, Congregationalists, Protestant Episcopalians, and others, heartily fraternized; and some of the most impressive discourses fell from lips other than Methodists. There was no instance, as in the judgment here expressed, when there seemed to be an attempt at "great sermonizing."

When the Love Feast of Sunday morning, Aug. 28th, came, the enthusiasm was unbounded; and from the main floor, and also the galleries of the great Auditorium, the testimonies rolled in in such numbers that often several would be speaking at the same time to only heighten the interest and the real spirit of devout joy.

The "closing exercises" of a Camp-meeting at Ocean Grove must be witnessed to be at all appreciated. We had the privilege of being in the great gathering on Monday morning, Aug. 29th, 1904. Infant baptism was administered to a large number of children as per custom. The reports of the many branches of the work performed during the season now ending, were given by the representatives of these several departments. Special and effective music, both instrumental and vocal, was rendered by individuals and also by the choir. Then

the wonderful march, headed by the leaders of singing and the Bishop, and forming a *long* procession, took its way out and around about; through the various buildings made sacred by their associations, and the adjacent grounds, and back again to the place of starting.

Now comes the most impressive and solemn of all the services. The bell is tolled, three successive times, "in the name of the Father; and of the Son; and of the Holy Ghost," and the Camp-meeting is pronounced CLOSED.

O, how the tolls of that bell go through the hearts of the truly devout! They not only tell of the end of present privileges so dear, but they seem as the death knell of some who have been called, *but have refused.*

May God grant another chance to all such! is the prayer here recorded. But who knows how many have resisted for the last time?

* * * * * * *

It is almost incredible how soon the crowds melt away when the "Camp-meeting" is closed. A few days find Ocean Grove deserted, and left almost entirely to those who are permanent residents.

### *Not Altogether Like Heaven.*

It is a remark frequently heard by the enthusiastic lovers of Ocean Grove: "It is the nearest like heaven of any place on earth."

The writer of these things is not disposed to discount this assertion more than it ought to be, and has made it himself many more times than once; and inclines to make it "once again." Yet, it must be admitted that the regular inhabitants of this place sometimes give evidence that a familiarity with so much earnest work during the Summer months along spiritual lines becomes a

hardening influence to many who do not enter into the religious movements; but rather regard them in the light of "business opportunities."

But it was not for the purpose of emphasizing *this* thought that the heading was given this section.

There are some respects however in which this marvelous place, even during the season of "the meetings," is not like heaven. Some which always stamp it quite unlike the abode of the blessed on high.

First: It must be admitted that among the thousands who go thither every year there are many who do not go for the religious privileges. To these the restraints, that are so to be commended, and because of which it is believed the special favor of God has always rested upon Ocean Grove, are irksome. These spend much of their time promenading on "the board walk" even when the most successful of the religious meetings are in progress. They go fishing, sailing and bathing more than is conducive to health, and because that is what they are here for.

On Sabbaths these slip over the boundry lines and get their coveted Sunday papers, and grumble that the cars do not stop here on Sundays and the gates remain open the seven days of the week. They come and go on Sundays, although this involves a passage through the streets with traveling bags and other "carriages" that show their disregard for God's law as contained in the fourth command of the Decalogue.

These also get up, at every opportunity, diverting entertainments that have in them no religious or intellectual profit.

Now all this is not like heaven. *There* all is harmony and love; and *all* engage in ascriptions of praise to Him that sitteth upon the Throne.

Secondly: The *going* away as well as the coming, is another respect in which Ocean Grove is not like heaven.

*There* "they go out no more," but are "forever with the Lord." To all possessed with genuine Christian affection, and who reckon among the evidences that they have "passed from death unto life," their love for each other, the constant partings have in them a measure of pain and regret.

Especially is this true as the end of "the season" draws near, and day by day witnesses the loaded trains carrying away those who have mingled so delightfully for short weeks. It may be only days.

True the conpensation is the hope and expectation of meeting again where partings never come. How tender are the ties of those who have been brought to a knowledge of Christ for the first time, or brought out into the boundless ocean of perfect love, towards those who have been, in any way or degree, instrumental in helping into such glorious experiences.

All these hope to meet again; but the temptations and dangers of this life are not yet passed, and much solicitation must be expressed as the struggles and vicissitudes of earthly existence are to be faced again without the wonderful helps that have been at hand during the tarry at Ocean Grove.

Thirdly: There is another particular in which Ocean Grove is not like heaven. Of this we must write most tenderly and in the spirit of the most abounding charity.

It has often been said that: "Order is heaven's first law." Sometimes the really boisterous and obstreperous try to take control of the exercises so necessary to the spirit of devotion in religious assemblies.

It ought not to be intimated that this spirit is a *serious* obstacle to the best interests of Ocean Grove.

The classes indicated are not *very much* in evidence.

Nor would we have it hastily concluded that the writer is opposed to such a condition as might *consistently* be likened to "the noise of many waters" that greeted John's ears in the visions of the Apocalypse. (See Rev. 1 : 15 and XIV : 2 and 3.)

This was delightfully subduing; and neither confusing nor diverting.

Only the determined purpose to have our own way, in spite of loving appeals, are here referred to.

The few instances in which this occurs at Ocean Grove, may seem to make this reference to it here as out of place. But the spirit that *sometimes* crops out is so harmful that a tender word of caution in this connection may be useful.

It ought to be said in passing that perhaps leaders, as well as led, have something to learn here.

In heaven all outbreaks of indiscretion will forever have passed, and have no place.

The great and many voices that will there be lifted up will be to ascribe praise to our Lord and Christ, as King forever and ever. (See Rev. XI : 15.)

### *Don't Misunderstand.*

Lest some of these things be misunderstood and thought to be written in the spirit of a critic or fault-finder, let it be added: The need for self-suppression and self-denial that often presented itself in the crowded meetings for testimony during the season of 1904, acted as a means of grace to this writer and led him more and more to think less and less of himself.

I learned more clearly the value of Paul's exhortation

to the Philippians: "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." (Phil. II: 3) I grew stronger, in body and mind and soul, during my stay "once again" at this wonderful place. It was while there that most of the members of this book, and of its chapters, were conceived in times of meditation when the opportunity for expression was not at hand.

### *A Delightful Visit.*

Many who spend "the season" at Ocean Grove plan to go elsewhere awhile before returning to their homes for the Fall and Winter. It is admitted that September and October are very pleasant months by the ocean.

*Some* visitors remain, or *come* for these months, but the great mass cannot be induced to stay, and are soon on their way elsewhere.

It was in the plan of the writer, to take advantage of the situation, and a standing invitation of some years past, to spend a few days in a section that had special charms because it numbers, among its settlers and present inhabitants, some of the blood-kindred of his mother, whose precious memory lingers, although sixty five years have elapsed since I stood by her bed-side and saw the death struggles of her long and terribly afflicted body.

My proposed hostess was of the number of these kindred; and there is no other word that suits so well to designate the character of the visit, as the one used at the head of this section. Others of my "fresh experiences" had been sad and sorrowful; pleasant and joyful; instructive and profitable; but those now related, were simply "delightful."

On Wednesday morning, Sept. 7th, 1904, I was ready

to leave the spot that had brought me much that I shall never forget, and go to look upon other scenes away from the sea. My route was selected, and some special providences had favored the preparation.

### *A Pretty Ride.*

For two hours, and more, I sped by rail on through a fertile country studded with neat and attractive villages.

At the place appointed, the faithful and trusted man, who had been dispatched on this errand, met me with substantial conveyance for the completion of this charming journey. Partly over a road new to me, and partly through familiar scenes of by-gone days, we came to the prettily located house erected some years since as the family home of one of the best farmers that ever tilled the soil.

That father has passed away; so also has the mother, and the beloved adopted sister. The present owner and occupant is there alone. Much of the time she has no sufficient help for the unnumbered duties that are involved in "running a farm." But this did not interfere with her spirit of hospitality, nor the heartiness of her welcome.

### *Made at Home.*

We were soon most comfortably quartered in the best accommodations to be afforded, and that gave us, at once, a very homelike feeling.

The well spread, and most amply supplied table, was soon ready, and we had to begin, and practice all the time, a rein on an always good appetite, to keep from going too far in its indulgence, and thus fail to be as abstemious as we had fully learned of late years, is essential to the best of health.

This visit grew more and more delightful. The time we had for its enjoyment went away sooner than we felt willing to have it.

It was in the country with no city conveniences at hand; but, how wonderfully can inconveniences be overcome where there is wisdom and tact coupled with the disposition. The post-office was one mile away; but that was turned into a real pleasure as from day to day the horse and buggy was ready for an invigorating ride to get "the New York daily" and whatever other mail was there for delivery.

There was no lack of writing material furnished freely to keep up corespondence with friends from whom we were thus temporarily separated.

Kind neighbors were on hand with expressions of friendship, and to emphasize and increase the spirit of good cheer.

Then there was no loss of religious privileges. Not only did we ask our blessing upon the luxuries before us when the meal time came three times a day, but also there was time set apart for the morning and evening gathering at the family altar. So we had our seasons of spiritual as well as material feasts.

The books at hand were of a character to be used as companions for the blessed Bible as its sacred and well marked pages were before our eyes to inspire and warm our hearts.

No pains were spared to improve any possible opportunity to ride out and call upon families where a "welcome" added to the enjoyment of this delightful visit.

On the Sabbath, that was included, we had the privilege of going to the house of God, as represented by the church where many of the ancestors of the present congregation had worshipped.

With attractive scenery both going and coming, and an opportunity to visit the resting place of the bodies of a number of those whom we so well remembered, the well prepared and impressive sermon was "taken in" and I trust properly digested to our best of growth.

### *A Plucky Incident.*

It would not do to hasten over the account of this delightful visit without making particular reference to an incident that it may well be doubted whether it can easily be matched.

There was a neighborhood prayer meeting to be held at a farm-house between one and two miles from the place of our rustification. A proposition was made of attendance, and most gladly acceded to. When the time came for starting, as the evening shades drew on, the faithful horse was harnessed and we got ready. It would be dark as there was no moon and the clouds covered the stars. I was honored as being the bearer of the light. This was that the road might be kept sufficiently in sight to avoid disasters. We started on with my hostess as driver. The route was all strange to me. We went on at a moderate pace, and were perhaps half the way, when suddenly an impassible obstruction loomed before us. A bridge had been torn away for the purpose of reconstruction. What is to be done? My supposed wise and prompt counsel was: "Let us turn back!"

In a shorter time than it takes to write out this statement, my companion was on the ground, with lantern in hand, and confiding horse by the head. We were led through the dry ditch on one side, and around the debris, and through the ditch on the other side, and out in the road again. We were in good time at the prayer

meeting and had the privilege of devotions in company with a goodly number of others who had obeyed the summons and congregated for this profitable service. Upon our return the same course was pursued to overcome what was really a formidable hindrance, and we reached our starting place, not only none the worse for these experiences, but very thankful that we had been so highly privileged: and all the better prepared to retire in comfort with the cherished recollection of having been to another prayer meeting.

This incident may be commended to the thoughtful study of many church members who do not go to their mid-week meetings as often as they might when there is really nothing to hinder, but everything to invite.

Now don't let anybody spoil this story by saying: "O yes that was a rough country girl, used to all kinds of adventure!" It was not "a rough country girl" at all. It was an educated and refined lady capable of any society, who is not a farmer by choice, but is bravely filling out the providentially assigned place that has come to her when her dear father passed away, and her dear mother did not want to let this beautiful farm, that had been gotten in exceptional order fall into the hands of strangers who would not appreciate the labor and expense that had been put upon it to make it what it was. God knows all about these things, and, in the great day when He makes up his jewels, the wrong judgment of so many erring mortals will be set right, and the misfits of this world find their true places.

### *All Earthly Things Must End.*

My delightful visit had to come to a close. On Monday morning, Sept. 12th, the noble horses that are regarded with all the tenderness of children, were gotten

ready. With the same careful driver who met me at the railroad station a few days before, we are off for a much longer ride to meet another train to speed on the way back to end the "outing" that began on July 27th, as before related.

This ride had been anticipated with great expectations, as over a route taken many years since, when as a little boy in company with my next younger brother, I had been brought over it in a big covered farm wagon to visit the long since departed grand-parents of my present entertainer. The day was fine. The horses were all right. The carriage was very comfortable and the companionship all that could be desired. There was one factor, however, that we had nothing to do with creating, and we could not regulate. The breeze, that was considerable, was not adjusted to our exact liking. We were not presumptuous enough to attempt to alter it, and there seemed no sufficient ground to warrant even a prayer for its changing. It persisted in *following* us much of the way, and we were compelled to take on board more of the dust from the well supplied roads, than was to our comfort. We arrived at the city to which we were going with more of a cargo on board than when we set out from the farm; and it was not of a sort that was marketable.

Nevertheless we arrived in safety. With rather a reluctant adieu, I had to end this delightful visit with the hope of renewing it at some future time. If not here, "where they never say good-bye."

*Returning.*

A rapid ride to the ferry and a crossing, and I was in the great city of New York once again. A sail, *up* the river this time, was on my way homeward. The sail

however, on that particular afternoon, was rather tedious with wind and tide against us. Just as we were entering "the Highlands" a fierce storm of lightning, thunder, wind and rain was encountered that drove all the passengers under cover and swept the outer decks of everything movable. This was soon over and might have been readily forgotten but for the sad fact that we learned from different sources, that what passed over us so quickly and with no noticable harm, inflicted serious trials and losses upon others.

In one instance, in which we deeply sympathized, a well filled barn, with the hard earned and recently gathered harvest, was smitten by the lightning and consumed. So our earthly treasures are not only subject to "thieves," "moth," "and rust;" but also to destruction by the elements when they are permitted to break loose upon us. How important that we lay up treasure where no harm can reach it!

*Poughkeepsie "Once Again."*

On Monday evening, Sept. 12th, 1904, we were back to the comforts of the most sacred room left us on the earth, with the inclination begotten within us to write out some of the experiences that had so rapidly chased each other during the three eventful years of the so recently past.

Poughkeepsie is by no means a dull place. There is not only *something* going on there all the time, but it is a place of privileges of the best kind, to those who have the disposition to improve them.

One of the things that attracted our attention, at once, was a Convention of "The Epworth League" being held in the Washington St. Methodist Episcopal Church on Sept. 13th and 14th. This gathering was

largely attended by the ministers and members from "the Poughkeepsie district," who were delegates to this body. The exercises were not only interesting, but very profitable; and made it manifest that this organization was being used to promote the well being of the churches, and to bring into active co-operation with the pastors the young people, from whom the expectation for *real* success remains, and upon whom such success depends.

Then, the fact that this year 1904 was found to be "the Centennial" of Methodism in Poughkeepsie gave additional interest to every movement connected with this denomination, and also awoke the spirit of Christain fraternity and brotherly love in the hearts of all who were ready to rejoice in every evidence that Christ's Kingdom was being established in this city. One of the pleasant characteristics of this "Queen City on the Hudson" is the disposition upon the different churches, to rejoice in each others prosperity and to join forces, when an opportunity presents itself, to show their regard one for the other.

Among the methods adopted by the zealous pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church to fill his place in this community, was a movement to celebrate this "Centennial" and to invite all possible participation in every movement that could legitimately be employed. He arranged for a series of Sunday evening sermons to the various civic and benevolent societies which abound somewhat largely here, and, as a very attractive opening of this, and other methods to follow, there was arranged

### *A Banquet.*

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th, 1904, there was assembled as choice a company of men, numbering nearly

200, as probably ever sat down together at such a feast, and for such a purpose. Of this number there was a full proportion of the stationed ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the city and vicinity headed by the Presiding Elder of the district. There were also the prominent pastors of several of the other denominations. Also official laymen of many of these churches; and civil officers, including the Mayor of the city. The editors were well represented and the best of humor prevailed among all.

The occasion was by no means a mere jollification. The ceremonies were introduced by an "invocation," asking the blessing of God upon all and everything to be said or done. This was followed by a form of grace in song, coming down from the early days of John Wesley as follows:

> "Be present at our table, Lord;
> Be here as everywhere adored;
> These creatures bless and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee."

The "Menu" was not extravagant, and evidently not intended to be. It consisted rather of substantials than in a great array of delicacies. Beginning with the usual "oysters on half-shell" it was of about the ordinary number of courses. All of them rather plain, than out of the line with which all good livers are familiar.

The "fancy ice cream" put in an appearance as a pleasant top-off. The whole was kept free from any kind of drinks but pure cold water, with the slight exception of a *very modest* cup of coffee at the end of the supper.

The meal being over, the grace of "thanks" was heartily sung:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food;
But thank Thee more for Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given —
The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n."

Then came speeches, introduced by an original poem on "Poughkeepsie Methodism — Its Growth," by the honored pastor who was regarded by all as the master of ceremonies.

A large number of addresses were given. First, by one of the strong laymen of the New York Conference, who had accepted an invitation to be present and favor the assembly with some very practical and freely critical remarks upon Methodist polity and its workings.

This gentleman was followed by a beloved minister of the same Conference whose address set forth the line of true loyalty to the church as the way to promote the best, and especially the *spiritual*, interests of the Kingdom of God.

About every phase of Methodism was ventilated, from the doings of the General Conference to the most simple and constantly occurring efforts of the most humble Christian to spread the glorious truths of revelation as understood and cherished by all true lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

No part of the exercises were more enjoyable than the several short speeches of the pastors of other churches; and of the gentlemen in civil office and of the press.

They represented the relation of all these religious movements to society and the welfare of the people generally. The most fraternal and kindly spirit prevailed.

When all was over, it seemed to be heartily believed that the time and money had been well spent to bring

about such a banquet. That not only the cause of Methodism had been benefited, but that Christianity, in its best exhibition had been substantially set forward.

*Sixty-Second Wedding Anniversary.*

In passing towards a close of this chapter, we may be allowed to say that Oct. 6th, 1904, brought to us the 62nd Anniversary of the union so fully referred to elsewhere. This occasion was used for another trip to "the resting place." In this we were joined by all the present members of our family and visitors, making a goodly company. We found all the surroundings being nicely kept; and witnessed also the substantial stone that had been set up to keep in memory the departed son-in-law, whose illness and sad taking away have been minuted.

*Rev. George Hughes.*

An opportunity being in hand, we improve it to put on record a few things with reference to a dear man of God with whom we have had some intimate experiences; and who was recently called to exchange his suffering life here for the companionships found in the realms of glory.

Rev. George Hughes was one of our most intimate friends and associates, in these later years of our life.

He was our publisher and adviser when the book, entitled *Grace Magnified* was given to the public.

We do not so much desire to make an obituary notice of this brother, as to note some things that will not be so likely to get into the church periodicals and conference minutes.

He was about two years the senior of this Author, and was one of the most decided and radical advocates

of Christian holiness. It is not necessary for us to write particularly of his birth and parentage. In the course of his early life he was converted and afterwards became a minister.

He was not in his earlier ministry noted for advanced piety.

In God's good providence, he attended some meetings held in England by those successful evangelists, Doctor and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. There the Spirit of God took hold upon him and he was constrained to make a full surrender of all his powers of body, soul and spirit; and of all his time and talents to be an uncompromising, and wholly consecrated, disciple of Jesus. He entered upon the experience of full salvation and became one of its most zealous preachers. He was so strict and decided in his views and teaching that he might easily have been judged as rather extreme on these lines.

He became particularly interested in the kind of literature that is specially devoted to this advanced state of grace. He was identified with Doctor Walter and both the Mrs. Palmer in editing and publishing the "Guide to Holiness" and books of a kindred character. He was also, for a time, editor of the Christian Standard, published in Philadelphia, Pa.

Of late he had been an associate editor of "The Consecrated Life" which is indeed the regular successor of the Guide to Holiness.

He has been an evangelist of the most pronounced type for many years. Even since passing the "four-score," his zeal has been by no means diminished. He preached from time to time with all his former vigor. He was one of the original members of the "Ocean Grove Association," and also of the "National Holiness Associa-

tion;" and no one of those noble men stood more staunchly for the faithful application of the principles and purposes avowed in the beginning of those movements.

When this brother was engaged in the business of a publisher, it was our experience sometimes to be in his office when he arrived in the morning to enter upon the duties of the day. It was well understood by all the employees, that when he came in, everything was to be immediately put aside, and a gathering at once be had for prayer for the guidance and blessing of God.

We may be ready to say: "Such a man ought not to be taken from the earth for there are so few like him." But *He* who knows when the measure of our days on the earth have accomplished their design, decided to sign his release; and on Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1904, he was not for God had taken him.

Influence is the great factor of our lives; and the character of that influence determines the value of those lives. When influence is what it ought to be, it will live on for all time, and do its work perhaps even more effectually after we are gone. Let us all pray that we may "So number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom!" Then we shall live to some good purpose; and when our bodily powers fail, we shall be remembered kindly, and our failures and weaknesses be judged charitably.

The writer did not have the privilege of getting to the funeral services held in the M. E. Church of South Orange, New Jersey on Wednesday, Oct. 12th. Instead thereof we were permitted to be in "the Tuesday meeting" in New York City on the day preceding. With this wonderful meeting our departed brother was closely identified for about all the many years it has existed.

We had, on the occasion referred to, an impromptu memorial service; and many excellent things were spoken as indicative of Bro. Hughes' great influence during his life.—"*His works follow him.*"

One principle purpose in making this minute of this departed brother is to have an opportunity to say that, he and some of his experiences are in confirmation of the evident fact that there needs be a future life to adjust the inequalities of this.

Bro. Hughes, although so fully given up to God, had for many years, an almost continued series of bodily and family afflictions. His children did him honor in their acceptance of his Saviour, and became very active Christians in the ministry and in missionary work, at home and in foreign fields. But sickness and death came often, and the trials of life were very great.

### *A Unique Missionary Meeting.*

On Sunday, October 23rd, 1904, there was held a Missionary meeting in the city of Poughkeepsie that is deserving of more than a passing notice because of its unusual and deeply impressive features. This meeting was held under the direction of the Reformed Dutch Churches of the city, and represented some of the missionary operations of that denomination.

The Reformed Dutch Church was the church of my mother, in which I was brought up in childhood. Perhaps this had something to do with my inclination to go to the meeting here noticed.

But I do not think I would have been less attracted to *this* Missionary meeting, had it been under the auspices of any other Christian denomination.

The thing that led me to esteem it such a privilege to be in the audience on that Sunday afternoon, was the

announcement that some of the evident fruit of the mission among the aborigines of our Country were to be on hand, and take part in the exercises. The sins of this nation against the former occupants of "our fair heritage" have been so terrible and I have so often heard the expression that: "The only kind of a good Indian is a dead one," that I was eager to look upon and listen to one of these "red-men" who had really been brought under the influence of the Gospel and been regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost.

There was no argument of the truth of Christianity in the days of the Apostles, that could compare with what it did for the individual. . When the Scribes and Pharisees and rulers desired to stop the mission of Peter and John, they could overcome other difficulties more easily than to close the eyes of the people to the facts before them. We read in Acts IV: 14: "And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it."

We do not propose to intimate that this was the first time we had the opportunity of looking upon the regenerating fruits of the Holy Spirit upon formerly sinful and even heathen men. We have, thank God, witnessed these scenes many a time, and rejoiced with many who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. What we are seeking *now* to do, is to *emphasize* this kind of testimony, and to incite the desire, and purpose, to bring forth more of it to help unbelievers to embrace this same gospel.

Together with the pastors of the churches represented, there were upon the pulpit platform two Chiefs of the Comanche nation. These men had not yet given up their old garb and did not present an attractive outward appearance to a well dressed audience of a refined city.

They still clung to their blankets and had their hair in the old Indian style. But they seemed very sedate, and deeply interested in the scene before them. Their names were "Periconic" and "Nahwatz."

With some information from the lady secretary of the Women's Domestic Missionary Society of the Reformed Dutch Church, as to the introduction and progress of this work among the Indians, these "Chiefs" were introduced as speakers. It would have been even more interesting if they could have spoken in English; but this they conld not do, and so an interpreter was necessary. Perhaps we can do no better now than to quote freely from the Poughkeepsie Eagle of Monday, Oct. 24th, as follows:

"Nahwatz was the first to speak. He said that he wished to tell about himself and how he came to adopt the Christian religion. For many years the Comanches did not know about the true God, but worshipped others, chief of whom was Mescal; and Nahwatz himself did as his forefathers did. He went with the other Indians to the place of worship and soon learned to be a leader among them.

"When the time came for him to send his adopted daughter to the mission school, he told her she must learn all she could, but to always remember how she had been taught to worship. Nahwatz told her that at school she would learn about the Holy Book of the white man, but if the missionary should talk to her about Jesus she was not to promise anything before consulting him. The girl made up her mind after talking to one of the ladies of the mission that she was without hope unless she embraced Christianity and consequently was baptised. When she returned to her home Nahwatz asked her why she had not consulted him, and the girl said that

she knew he was not right in his belief. She said we were traveling different roads which always drew apart and that my road led to eternal punishment. She said as long as we were on earth everything was all right, but the time was coming when we must separate and that she loved me so much that she didn't want me to be lost forever.

"Nahwatz was much disturbed in mind, but finally decided to give up the worship of Mescal and follow the true God. He was beset by many temptations, and had a hard fight but finally overcame them. He said that now he was doing his best to live a good life, and that he wanted to send his children to school that they might be better men and women.

"Periconic then arose. In a few words he told how he, the son of a great chief, had also learned to be a great leader among his peeple in their religion. One day he saw Nahwatz, his son, and a missionary, and though at first he did not care to hear them talk, he finally went to the missionary and said he was ready to turn away from his wicked life. About two years ago he was converted, and now many Indians are giving their hearts to God."

A few such meetings will do more to answer the question, so often asked: "What is the good of missions?" than all the arguments and statistics that can be produced.

### *A Triumphant Death.*

Nothing comes more welcome to the Christian Minister than to be permitted, at least occasionally, to witness a real triumphant departure, from this world of sorrow, of one who has been brought to Christ from a life of sin, and given evidence of the power of Divine Grace under unusual circumstances and trials.

Of such a case we desire to record a few things to the glory of God, in connection with the variety of incidents that have gone to make up this chapter on "Fresh Experiences."

About four years, or more, before the date of this writing, a woman who had already passed through more experience of pain and surgical treatment than often comes to mortals quite beyond her years, without yielding her heart to God so as to find rest in Him, was kindly taken to the city of New York under the care of the members of the Salvation Army to be nursed in hopes of physical benefit.

While being treated the Holy Spirit attended the *religious* instruction she received, and she was delivered out of the snare of the devil and brought into the fold and family of the Good Shepherd.

She returned to her home a saved woman and expected to enter upon the duties of a wife, although strangers would have hardly regarded it as possible for her to accomplish what she so cheerfully intended.

Almost immediately, disease in other forms, came upon her, and in much suffering she seemed likely to go down to death, just as she had taken a look with great courage and expectation into the resumption of life.

About this time the writer was informed of her case and began a system of visitation that continued with little intermission until her release on Monday, Oct. 31st, 1904.

This woman possessed the greatest amount of bravery and willingness to suffer, if she might be useful especially to her husband, of almost anyone known in a long experience. She got out into the fullness of salvation and was always most submissive to the will of God. She endured patiently a measure of physical pain that

it seems impossible to associate with months and years of lingering. Yet her days ran on as she lay much of the time, almost entirely helpless upon her bed, and yet giving direction to the minutest affairs of her limited domestic life. So the weary days multiplied into weeks and the weeks into months and the months into years. She was the most omnivorous reader I ever knew. She delighted in the Word and in good books and papers. She read and retained the matter so as to converse freely about it all. She became the distributer of a large amount of the best literature, and her contributions will be greatly missed by those whom she so delighted to serve with what she knew was good.

Religious conversation and exercises were greatly appreciated by her; and when it would not seem that her feeble condition would admit of it, she had her Christian friends assemble in her room and took part with them in the songs and testimonies indulged.

Her intelligence was remarkable; and her apprehension of the teachings of the Bible fitted her for an instructor.

So she glided along the narrow way that leads to life, always brighting up at the idea of getting near the heavenly home

About the middle of October a greater degree of feebleness indicated the approach of the glad hour. She sent for the writer to help her rejoice, and to speak of some desires in connection with the close of our intimate Christian association for these recent years. As we conversed of the Loving Savior, she said He seemed to be putting His arms about her. The inspired expressions of the Bible were repeated by her as her own.

On Sunday, Oct. 30th, in company with some of her kindred and friends, we gathered at her bed-side and

read a considerable selection of scripture passages indicative of "victory over death." These interested her much and her expressions of approval were constant. Then we sang as well as we could:

"My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine."

The chorus was:

"I'm going home to die no more."

As we sang the five full verses of the hymn, each followed with the chorus in all its members, our sister's countenance beamed with delight, and her eyes sparkled with the radiance of heavenly health.

It did not seem like a chamber of death, and, I trust that genuine sincerity and real joy had possession of all our hearts as we bowed in prayer committing the departing spirit and ourselves to the Lover of our souls.

The next day, soon after noon, as a babe closes its eyes to sleep on its mother's breast, this redeemed and sanctified one passed into the glorious realities she had so longed for; and her sorrows were over.

On Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, a large gathering of neighbors and friends assembled with the few relatives who could be there, in the rooms that had witnessed the sufferings and triumphs of this humble subject of a Saviour's love; and, under the special direction of the Salvation Army officers, we indulged in song and prayer and address, not in the spirit of sadness, but rather of joyful triumph over death and the grave.

### *Independent Parish.*

This seems a very appropriate place to insert some mention of a feature of my residence in the City of

Poughkeepsie that has been helpful to me and, I trust, has not failed of some good to others.

It need scarcely be a matter of surprise that during my tabernacling for more than twenty years in this city, there has sprung up about me a kind of parish. I can not say, that I have sought this. It has rather came in the order of Divine providence. It could not have been otherwise without a resistance in which I would not have been justified. I have always endeavored not to infringe upon the prerogatives of any of the regular pastors with whom I have been so happily associated. I have rather desired to be an assistant, if I might, and thus help a little in doing just the work they all are set to engage in. To be employed in this way seems legitimate to any and every Christian man or woman who has a love for Christ's Kingdom.

My parishioners have come from different sources. Sometimes they have been in whole families who have became residents of Poughkeepsie after I have held the office of pastor to them in other places and it was natural to renew my calling upon them. Sometimes individuals of such families have particularly attracted my attention elsewhere, and it was a pleasure to meet them again. Sometimes I have been specially invited to call upon some sick member of a household who perhaps was not being visited by any messenger of the great salvation. I would thus become acquainted and feel called to include such an one in my independent parish. Sometimes a member of one of the evangelical churches, to whom I had formed an attachment in some of the benevolent or reformatory societies in which we were mutually interested in the days of their activity, would get old and sick and *shut in*, and would welcome an occasional call for conversation and prayer. And oftener,

perhaps, than from other causes, my parish would be recruited by an attendance upon the "Friday-meeting" that we held first at our house and afterward elsewhere, off and on, during a succession of years. Of this "Friday-meeting" I have written freely in the past. The way for its unbroken continuance has not always been open, and is not just now. For some weeks, within the late months, it was held on Friday evenings at the "Rescue Mission" in this city through the kind and urgent invitation of the Superintendent of that work; and not without some good fruit.

In this way I have found some profitable employment for myself; and, in some cases, it has constituted a kind of pastoral over-sight that it did not come in the way of others to perform.

It is not my intention to enter into an extended history of this delightful work for the possession of which I have been thankful. I am now writing of "Fresh Experiences" and I desire to confine myself to these. What has led me to introduce this section at all is the impressive fact that this "independent parish" of mine has so nearly died out. When absent in the west during part of the months of Summer, Fall, and Winter of 1903, some of my sick parishioners passed away; and one at least, whom I reckoned in the list, and who was well when I saw her last, was called, quite suddenly, to depart while abroad visiting friends in other lands.

There were two in particular, from whom I expected all the time to learn that they had gone hence to the prepared mansion. I took pains to learn, by correspondence, from these frequently. Both of them continued in the body until my return, and one of the great privileges upon such return was to get in and see them as soon as I could. Of one of these I have written

in the section "A triumphant death." The other was a dear "Mother in Israel" who lived on to the advanced age of nearly 92 years. She was during her active life, one of the most diligent in ministering to the "shut ins." She had a long list of these, and took her way among them with frequent visits and tokens of her love. This work she prosecuted until her own physical condition put a stop to it and she became a "shut in" herself. During her long confinement, she delighted in busying herself in some expressions of regard for those she could no more get to see. When her eyes had so failed that her vision was almost gone, her well trained fingers enabled her to knit useful articles to distribute among those she loved. Nothing afforded her greater pleasure than the expressions of appreciation and regard that came so often from these noticed friends. The word of God was her constant stay, and to quote the passages that were so strong in her support was her frequent practice in connection with our interviews.

This "Mother in Israel" was a faithful member of the Washington Street Methodist Church, and dearly did she love the church of her choice. During our acquaintance her beloved pastors came and went as the changes of the itinerancy took away one and brought another. Like us all she had her especial regard for some of these, and for others of her visiting ministers; but one after another of her "favorites" preceded her to the future life. Several years since her beloved husband was removed by death, and their only son at an earlier date. So this maturing saint was a lone widow for a long time.

On Tuesday, Nov. 15th, 1904, her loving and adored Father decided to take her to Himself, and she fell asleep so quietly that her attendants could scarcely realize that

she was here no more. On the following Thursday, I was honored by an association with her faithful pastor, Rev. B. C. Warren, D.D., in the conduct of her simple funeral services, and went from them with a feeling that another chapter in my own life had closed.

With the death of each of those who have become dear to me as traveling with me in the road that leads to life everlasting, I seem to be accumulating treasure in Heaven. My Independent Parish has not ended; for just while writing this, I have had some new accessions. O that I may respond to every call, that the Master makes upon me, that I may not be confounded and confused when my account must be rendered!

### *A Bunch of Experiences.*

Now it seems that this chapter ought to be brought to a close, but the subject will last while our earthly days continue. We may all say with reference to "experiences": They are new every morning and fresh every evening. What they shall be as the days and years roll rapidly by we know not. Sometimes the form of approaching changes seems to cast shadows across my path and, for the time, I am in gloom. But I appropriate the unfailing promises of God—especially these—"My grace is sufficient for thee" and "as thy days so shall thy strength be," and I am sustained.

The latter part of November, in the year 1904 was very fruitful in "experiences" with me. With some of these I propose to make a formal closing of this chapter and leave it there.

### *W. F. M. S. Once Again.*

On the same afternoon that the funeral services of Mother Morgan occurred, a convention of "The Wom-

an's Foreign Missionary Society of the Poughkeepsie district" was held in the chapel of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, and I had been invited to offer some words of welcome to the delegates. This was a pleasant duty because it enlisted my heart warm with great consideration for this important and useful organization. The funeral services made me a little late, but I still had the opportunity to take my part. Some fitting points came to my mind to mention in my very brief address.

First, I welcomed these delegates for the simple reason that we were glad to see and greet them. It is always a joy to meet with those who are working with us in the Master's Kingdom, and traveling with us in the same narrow way that leads to life everlasting Such meetings have always the features of Christian pilgrims coming together to rejoice and gladden each other.

Secondly, I welcomed these sisters because of the *special* work in which they are engaged. I have an enthusiasm for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society because to me it seems as the strong right arm of the whole foreign missionary movement without which it would be comparatively weak. Although heathen women are degraded, and not honored as Christian women are, yet they are the wives and mothers, and it is difficult to withstand their influence upon husbands and children while they remain in superstition and idolatry and oppose the gospel of Christ. It is to reach these that this society is organized and exists.

Thirdly, I welcomed this convention on the day and evening of our "mid-week service" from a spirit of sanctified selfishness. I believed that the influence they brought us would be helpful to the spirit of revival that our zealous pastor was endeavoring to pro-

mote by multiplied means of grace. An important factor in these "means" was the regular prayer meeting that came upon this evening. We expected great things from the address of Miss Jennie Hughes, the daughter of my dear brother in Christ who had so recently left for the heavenlies and who was herself waiting joyously to embark as a missionary to China.

This is the outline of my few remarks, and I trust they meant much more than the words could convey. The Convention was I believe, in all respects, a success.

*Anniversaries and Reunions.*

A number of invitations came almost together about this time to attend and take part in special gatherings in different places where I had in earlier years been associated in the great gospel field.

I desire to record, with much thankfulness, that I was able to accept all these with one exception. The "exception" was in the case of the locality nearest me. If I had the attribute of being present in two places at the same time I would have gone there also.

I was pastor at Highland, directly opposite Poughkeepsie, only temporarily, about 21 years since.

The program for the celebration of the 35th Anniversary of the rebuilding and dedication of the church was a very elaborate one, lasting from the 23rd to the 27th of Nov., 1904.

It would have been my delight to have met and mingled with so many brethren in the ministry who were announced to take part in the exercises; and to have met again any of the people who could have entered into the experiences of my brief pastorate; and to have enjoyed the many good things provided; but as I could not get there, I had to content myself with the expres-

sion of best wishes, and the satisfaction of reading about the doings afterwards.

*Washington Heights Once Again.*

One of the invitations I was able to accept came from my tried friend and brother at Washington Heights, New York City, and included a cordial expression of desire to have me in the home, once again, where I had been so often since the early days of the church enterprise there. Although suffering with a considerable cold, I concluded to do what I could to protect myself and go to this "Jubilee." The occasion was the 37th Anniversary of the church organization and the commemoration of the full payment of the mortgage debt of $15,000 that had been an incubus upon the prosperity of the society since its beginning. *In Grace Magnified* I made the mistake of stating that the mortgage debt was $17,000. This error is here corrected.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19th, I took rapid train and by close connection with the trolley in 125th street, I was carried speedily to my destination and installed in my frequently occupied comfortable room.

My stay in Washington Heights was well and fully occupied with an almost continued series of meetings and commingling with friends. On Saturday evening I had the pleasure of looking in upon the preparations making at the church for the doing of the morrow, and of calling upon the popular pastor in the neat parsonage that did not exist in the days of my service. I was pastor of this church during a part of the Conference year 1868 and the whole of the Conference year 1870. So, as my experience went back 36 of the 37 years of the history, I was supposed to know something of the facts. I was undoubtedly regarded with some curiosity by the

large number of young people, from children up to middle nanhood and womanhood who had come into existence since my pastorate.

On Sabbath I had the privilege of attending class meeting before the public service. Bishop Edward G. Andrews was the preacher for the morning. He gave us a most excellent expository sermon upon the text found in I Timothy 1: 5: "Now the end of the Commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." The discourse was a very careful unfolding of the meaning of this wonderful scripture, accompanied by a most practical application of all the points made. The Blessed Spirit caused the truth to be appreciated, and I am sure we all felt like saying, as I made free to say: Thank God for the glorious Gospel, and for this profitable *expository* preaching!

The afternoon was devoted to the Sabbath school officers, teachers and scholars. Effective addresses were made by the Rev. Doctors Ezra S. Tipple and F. M. North. The writer was very unexpectedly called upon for some remarks, and indulged in a few words by way of setting forth some of the impressions on his mind of the changes that 36 years had brought about.

In the evening we had a sermon by Rev. R. J. Cooke D.D. It was a most faithful and impressive presentation of the case of the young man who came with the important inquiry to Jesus: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" It was shown that in failing to respond to the instructions given, when informed of his one essential lack, this young man lost his chance and went out to be heard of no more, when he might have been a flaming herald of the cross and the instrument of the salvation of multitudes.

The one thing lacking was brought to the consideration of the neglectful hearts. The congregation listened attentively and it is hoped that the sterling truth found its way to more than one heart and conscience to bring forth fruit at no distant day. (Just here I may add, by way of parenthesis, that I had the privilege of hearing this same minister, at the New York Preachers' meeting the next morning, read a paper which was a masterly advocacy of the supreme Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ—THE GOD MAN. This paper was highly commended by the large body present. It was in opposition to the defective and harmful teaching of this day that so often fails to place the Saviour of men where he can hear and answer our prayers and deliver our souls from the burden and bondage of sin.)

After the sermon on Sunday evening a "Historical Statement" was made by Bro. E. B. Treat, who has been closely identified with the church at Washington Heights from its inception. The remarkable fact came out that the *interest* paid upon the indebtness during the many years of its existence, had amounted to double the amount of the principal. So that it had taken $45,000 to get this burden out of the way. Due credit was given to the New York City church extension and missionary society for their timely and generous aid in lifting this crushing weight during the years of their friendship.

After the statements of past history and struggles, the whole officiary were called to the platform, and Bro. Chas. A. Briggs, President of the board of Trustees, produced the paper representing the cancelled mortgage and proceeded to cremate it in a wire cage that had imprisoned many such documents and witnessed their destruction when many thousands of troublesome debts had been extinguished.

While the flames of this bon-fire ascended, the choir and congregation lustly sang: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

So ended this noted Anniversary occasion. May it be just the beginning of a most gracious work of the Lord in this beautiful part of Manhattan Island that bounds, on the north, the Great City of New York, with all its serious obstacles to the success of evangelical Christianity. Amen!

### *Pine Plains Once Again.*

The next engagement I had made was to be at Pine Plains, Dutchess Co., N. Y., to attend "The One hundreth Anniversary of the first Methodist preaching in Pine Plains. Also the Sixty-seventh Anniversary of the dedication of the first Church, and Thirty-third Anniversary of the dedication of the present church edifice."

Pine Plains is about 30 miles north east of Poughkeepsie. To reach there in time I had to return from New York on Monday after a ride from Washington Heights down town in the rapidly becoming famous, but recently opened "subway." All this I was enabled to do.

Some of my readers may remember what has been published in *Grace Magnified* as to my appointment in the Spring of 1854 and so I must not repeat what is there stated. In that day there were no rail-roads to Pine Plains from any direction. Now there are three that have stations there. On one of these I took passage, and was met by the genial pastor and conducted to most comfortable and hospitable quarters in the center of the village and near the church. Some parts of this village have been built up since I was so familiar with

it, but the *main* street has changed but little. A walk through *it* seemed very like a half century since.

I had but little time for calling, but improved what I had.

In the evening a congregation assembled to listen to some reminiscences from former pastors. I was much the older of these pastors and was assigned the first place in the list of speakers, and occupied all the time it was proper I should in a narration of "the good old times." It would be out of place to fill these pages with anything like a full account of the statements I was led to make.

O, how vividly before my mind came the scenes and persons of the 50 years since! I could see myself with my family, consisting then of wife and two little girls and two little boys. We had been fortunate enough to bring with us our servant from New York, but did not keep her long. So we were brought over the hills from Millerton, a comparatively new station on the "Harlem Railroad." The scenery was fine and I was delighted to get out in the country again.

When we were introduced into the little parsonage we found a goodly supply of eatables in the "Buttry" (as the *pantry* was then called) which the kind and thoughtful ladies had placed there as a capital on which we could enter upon house-keeping in this new place. This was an out-crop of a habit then indulged in by our parishioners. A habit that extended to and affected the farmers as well as the villagers. I was happy to learn, from the present pastor, that the descendents of these noble men and women had not forgotten to follow the example of their fathers and mothers. It was this practice that used to make many country appointments of greater value, with their small salaries (where these gifts were not reckoned into the quarterage,) than some

of the city appointments with their larger salaries and heavier expenses.

As I stood on the platform in the church on that evening of the Anniversary, I could see Stewards, Trustees, Class Leaders and other officials with many others of their families and members of the congregation in 1854–56, who were not there, except as represented by a few who were children then. Now men and women in middle and later life. There were two present who might be called notable exceptions. One of these was the brother who I have always remembered as my kind and obliging companion, so often, when I rode from Pine Plains to Jackson's Corner and Ancram on the Sabbath afternoons to fill the appointments in those places, as the work was then constituted. The other was an active young man fifty years since, and was ever ready to show me attention. He has passed through many of life's experiences as the years have come and gone. He rode in some miles from his farm home on the evening of the re-union to be present on that interesting occasion. It was very refreshing to meet these dear brethren again.

### *The Remembered Revival.*

Of all the scenes before my mind at this Anniversary time, nothing impressed me more deeply than a remembrance of the great revival with which we were blessed in this community in the Fall and Winter of 1855. I could see the faces of many as they appeared then. Some of these were business men not accustomed to attend church. Under the awakening influence of the Holy Spirit they came into the congregation and listened to the message of salvation. Some of them yielded their hearts to God and became the openly avowed disciples of Jesus. I sincerely trust to have some of these for companions

through the ages of eternity. But alas! how sad I was made to feel as I thought of others who refused to submit, and rejected the overtures of love and mercy. These went on in their lives of sin and the revival season passed. WHERE ARE THESE NOW?

*The Parsonage.*

After the exercises in the church we were all most generously invited into the *new* parsonage to continue the sociabilities and to be served with evidences of the pains and expense incurred to make this gathering memorable. The completion of this much needed building was one of the causes for the present Anniversary. The new parsonage has grown out of the kindness, consideration and liberality of all the friends who have contributed to make Pine Plains a more to be desired place than ever. It was a pleasure to congregate with the attendants, and look over the appointments of this hence to be the commodious home of the pastors who are so fortunate as to be sent to this part of the vineyard.

*The Old Parsonage.*

I may as well confess that the place of greatest attraction to me in getting to this scene of former labors, was, *The old parsonage.* I was so glad to learn that it had not been destroyed. It has been moved back and turned in behind the church. It will make a good chapel, Sunday school room, Class rooms and place for assemblies that may not need the accommodations of the church audience room. It will be very useful thus.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, I found the door unlocked and entered this old building with a feeling of reverence. It seemed that I was visiting a "Home-

stead" after years of absence. I can scarcely describe the sensations as I roamed through almost every part of my old home. I looked into the "living room" and kitchen where my dear wife in her more youthful days worked so hard by way of caring faithfully for her family and entertaining the *many* visitors that used to be with us there. I passed up the broad stairway between the side walls with no railing to hold to. I peered into the small room where our whole family found the best sleeping facilities the house could afford us. I entered the *little* room at the end of the hall from whence the spirit of our dear Sammy took its departure on Nov. 15th, 1855. Then there was pictured before me the night, when in the early hours of the approaching morning, I reached his bedside, having been summoned from New York because of his serious illness. I could almost hear again the words of the suffering child when he saw and recognized me. The long and lonely journey I took with the precious body to New York and to New Jersey to place it in the old family vault was all before me.

Then I went down stairs again and passed into what was our best room and was called our "front parlor." Here I saw the sweet little babe (not so very "little" either) who came to us on Feb. 21st, 1856, and who was so welcomed as taking the place of her brother who had so recently gone away. I can see just how she looked then. This daughter has remained among the living and has had her full share of life's trials as well as experiences. She has been a worker in the Lord's vineyard since her girlhood, and has gathered some jewels for the Redeemer's Crown. She is still seeking to *know* that she may *do* the Father's will. I trust she may always be led safely, and at last, give a joyful ac-

count of the use made of the full measure of talents intrusted to her.

*New Haven Once Again.*

Having accomplished my mission in Pine Plains, and being under engagement to spend "Thanksgiving" with my son, I took my departure for New Haven, Conn.

Rail road facilities have so multiplied that I learned there was a way for me to travel without returning to Poughkeepsie and thence to New York as I had intended.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 23rd, I bid good bye to friends and neighborhood and rode over to the depot of the Central New England Rail Road (now under the control of the New York and New Haven corporation) and got a through ticket. I went north and east and south by way of "Boston Corners," and through my former charge in Salisbury Conn., to Canaan in the same state. Changing at that point I embarked for Bridgeport, and then, by close connection, reached New Haven in better time than if I had left Pine Plains in the early morning and taken the route I had in mind before getting the information that guided me.

My visit in New Haven was a very pleasant one. On the morning of "Thanksgiving" I had the pleasure and the privilege of listening to an interesting and orignal discourse in the Center (Congregational) Church delivered by Rev. Mr. Haynes the comparatively new and popular pastor of another church of the same denomination on "the Green." The congregation was really large for the occasion. The sermon was based upon the text found in John's gospel, chapter 12 and verse 29. It may be remembered that our Lord had lifted

up his voice and prayed: "Father, glorify thy name." And the answer had been returned: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Then came the words chosen for a text: "The people therefore that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered; others said, an angel spake to him." This very expressive and remarkable statement was profitably used by the preacher to show that, *We interpret the voice and providences of God according to our own state of mind.*

This thought was made to apply to all the events of life. Also to our family relations and individual visitations. And to our civil and national affairs.

It was a helpful sermon and ought to lead all who heard it to look carefully into all their surroundings and associations to discover their meaning and the lessons they bring. It was shown that we may thus become optimistic in the best sense.

On Sunday, Nov. 27th, I attended the same church with those I was visiting. This is the place of their regular worship and membership. That morning I heard a suggestive sermon from the pastor, Dr. Newman Smyth. He chose for his text the impulsive and eager words of Peter as found in John XIII: 37, "Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?" This question, in its connection shows that Jesus was talking with the disciples about his approaching departure from them when Simon broke in upon the discourse with the declaration of his own purpose to cleave to him under all circumstances.

Dr. Smyth's preaching style is as in a soliloquy.

### *Bible Study.*

After the sermon we repaired to the "Chapel" on Chapel street, to attend "The Business Mens' Bible

Class." This was of unusual interest to me on that particular day because my son was assigned the place of instructor, as he took his turn on the program, with others who are chosen as leaders.

It may be regarded as a weakness, but I care not, when I confess that such a position upon the part of any of mine is appreciated more than other distinctions that come to them. I value everything that is good and useful; but entertain the wish that all other things may be made subservient to a study of the Bible and a practice of its precepts.

On Monday afternoon, Nov. 28th, I returned, by rapid trains, to my place in Poughkeepsie. I met, on the way, some members of my family who were for the time our visitors from their home in the west.

*Peroration.*

Now I force myself to close this chapter. I am full of gratitude for God's goodness and favor to me and record here that I have grown stronger, I trust in every way, since entering upon the record of these experiences, and am thus led to believe that this work has been assigned me and that I have the Divine approval. Christmas is just at hand, and then follows closely the New Year festivities and many other things in the way of extra religious meetings. All these will abound with "Fresh Experiences." I trust the future historian will have far more of interest and importance to chronicle than any of my commonplaces. I will not, however, apologize for what I have written, but will now proceed with other subjects that press upon my mind, that I may complete, as well as I can, what it seems has been put upon me.

* * * * * * * * *

These experiences might have been arranged in *classes* and perhaps have made more interesting reading, and a better *looking* Chapter. I have run them off *chronologically*, as they thus, more readily, bring out the *variegated* character of the constant changes that came to us in the flying weeks and months of our rapidly passing years. I trust that in the opportunity embraced to moralize ; and to enlarge upon the suggestions that have arisen in the course of the narration, no "experience" has been lessened to its influence.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Hobbies.

One Websterian definition of Hobby is: "A subject or plan upon which one is constantly setting off; a favorite and ever recurring theme of discussion, thought or effort, that which occupies one's attention unduly, or to the weariness of others." This pretty fully expresses the thought of this writer just now, and leads to the heading of this chapter.

It is not our design here, to denounce heretical doctrines, and to inveigh against teachings that we believe to be wrong, but, to show, if we can, that often the most honest, as well as zealous effort to present the truth, may and does so react as to not only defeat the purpose of well meaning advocates, but to really hinder the progress of what might and ought to be a blessing, and win adherents, in the most desirable sense. To make a hobby of the best of things is not only a mistake, but a serious error by whosoever practiced.

All truth is valuable; but every truth stands so related to some other truth that if an attempt is made to make it stand alone it often fails to do so; and brings to the ground other truths that also are important to be considered. This seems a real difficult subject to treat in such a way as not to awaken prejudice that will be unreasonable.

### *Holiness.*

For this writer to say, that even the glorious doctrines of "scriptural holiness" may be hobbyized will, I doubt

not, cause at least surprise. It may well be asked: "How can this be?" I may answer, it is possible to become so exacting in our views and methods of presenting this subject as to render it offensive, and drive away rather than attract those we desire to influence. It must be accepted, that different temperaments with entirely different environments will have different views of the same subject. No one man can set up his standard even of the best things, as in all respects the exact plan and measurements for all others to conform to.

Of course too much must not be conceded here. To teach holiness and at the same time compromise with sin in any form will not do. What is clearly a plain violation of God's holy law must be denounced and put away as a preparation for the consecration essential to our entrance upon a life of holiness. But, the element of selfishness must not appear in our efforts to teach the mind and will of God. To insist that all must see this doctrine in the same way, and experience it in precisely the same manner, often makes it a hobby and does not draw seekers. I like this word *seekers* more and more. We often say: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This is taken from that important passage in the epistle to the Hebrews at the twelfth chapter and 14th verse. But, like many other quotations of scripture, it ought to be kept in its place and be presented in its relations. The whole verse brings to us an exhortation to *follow after*: (R. V.) and he who does *this* honestly and sincerely is *in* the way of holiness. Some of the best specimens of holy men are so modest that they will always rather speak of themselves as "following on to know the Lord." This gives force to Paul's epistle to the Philippians, as particularly found in the third chapter from the 12th to the 14th verses. "Not

as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend, that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Yet it should be noted that Paul speaks of a perfection in the 15th verse that is essential to the state of mind rehearsed in the foregoing verses. And in the seventeenth verse he calls attention to himself as worthy of being *marked*. Blessed be the man who can *thus* incite those around him to the highest possible state of Christian living! *But let us not become hobbyists.*

### *The Second Coming.*

Take the revealed doctrine of Christ's second coming so clearly taught by the Lord himself, and held forth in all the ages since as the dearest hope of all His followers. Do not, so hobbyize this doctrine as to run into fanaticism; and profess to know just when he will appear and all the attendants and purposes of His coming. It is because so many, at different periods of the world's history, have become wise in their own estimation, beyond what is revealed on this subject, that the doctrine itself has been kept in the background by many most sincere messengers of the new covenant. "Second Adventists" have almost come to be looked upon as necessarily fanatics because of their extravagant assertions. Let us make the belief in the second coming of Christ the incentive to holy living, but let it not so absorb us as to detract from the plain and every day duties upon us.

### *The Resurrection.*

The resurrection of the human body, in some form and way, seems to me to be plainly taught in the scriptures.

But to insist upon the most literal acceptance of this teaching seems hardly possible. Our faith can grasp the doctrine when we fix it upon the Omnipotence of God rather than upon the objections of men. (See Acts XXVI: 8.) Even Job, a century and a half or more before the coming of Christ, found comfort in this doctrine in the midst of his terrible bodily afflictions, and when so misunderstood and misjudged by his mistaken friends, (See Job XIX: 25–27.) This teaching of the old patriarch the revisionists have substantially left untouched.

But who can get a definition of this revealed truth so as to meet all minds? And who does not know that to insist upon some one view as the only one that can be considered, simply leads many to drop preaching the resurrection as a part of the gospel. —*And without this there is no gospel.*

Who can explain to satisfaction the meaning of Philippians III: 21: "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself?" THIS LANGUAGE IS CHANGED SOME IN THE REVISED VERSION; BUT IS NOT IMPROVED. Let us rejoice then to preach "Jesus and the resurrection," as did Paul, (See Acts XVII: 18) but let us not so hobbyize this glorious doctrine as to attempt to explain its mysteries.

### *The Sabbath.*

Of the doctrine of the Sabbath perhaps this writer has treated sufficiently in a former work. The same

may be said of some other subjects which we have noticed already.

The only real object of this section, and of all others given a place in this chapter, is to emphasize the danger of becoming so possessed of particular ideas as to seek to enforce them upon others and so nullify our usefulness, when we really mean to increase it. The Jews, in the days of Jesus upon earth, were not the only people in danger of making void the laws of God through traditions. If we are not careful we may be found condemning others as Sabbath breakers when we ourselves are guilty.

### *The Return of the Jews.*

From his childhood the writer remembers opinions advanced as to the *literal* return of the Jewish people to Jerusalem and their re-establishment as a separate nation. From time to time this teaching has been revived and pressed as affecting many other events in the history of this world. *What good has come of it?* Why do many of the most intelligent Jews of our day disbelieve all this? Let us seek to *Christianize* the Jews and leave their future history to the God of us all.

To be a little more general, we may say; It is possible for us to advocate particular religious forms and observances of non-essential matters. Thus we sometimes separate and divide the sincere followers of that which is good when we ought rather to be seeking union. To make it obligatory for all to embrace views that the most learned among men have honestly differed upon, often results in harm. Many of these things seem, more and more, to this writer as of light texture. Like the feeble strings of the spider's web, they will break asunder and disappear in the sun rays of the gospel as

these penetrate the dark places and shine everywhere enlightening the minds of men.

### *Divine Healing.*

The teaching of the Divine healing of our bodies from the numerous attacks of disease has in it *much* that ought *not* to be turned aside as of no value. But perhaps no matter so often becomes a hobby as this. It often leads to most unreasonable statements that cannot be sustained.

That the God who made the body at first, and upon whom we all depend for life and breath and all things, can control all diseases and give health to the greatest sufferers, whensoever He will, needs no stretch of faith to believe. That He does not do so in many cases; but allows the most lengthened suffering, and death at last, to many of His most faithful followers is a matter of constant and vainly disputed observation.

The Apostles were commanded to go forth and "heal the sick," among the other duties assigned them. But even they did not always succeed in that line; nor always practice this great commission. The great Apostle Paul was evidently endowed, as were the others, with the power to heal diseases, (See Acts xxviii: 7–9 and elswhere) but he did not *always* have that power, or, at least, he did not always seem to have it. He left Trophimus at Miletum sick. (See II Timothy iv: 20.)

In that wonderful description of the nations being gathered before the Throne as set forth in the 25th chapter of Matthew's Gospel, one of the commendations to those who shall be on the right hand, will be: "I was sick and ye visited me." When the surprise of those thus addressed will be expressed, the answer will be: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these

my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So it will appear before the assembled multitudes, that Jesus the final Judge, had his "*sick*" representatives in this world. *One of the specific and commendatory acts of His followers is to visit and minister unto them.* There is no Christian duty more Christlike than this, no evidence of the true spirit of Christianity in the world is more impressive than the provision made for and exercise of the offices of humanity, to the sick and suffering

To cry out against the sick as though they were necessarily sinners because they are sick, is indeed one of the most offensive hobbies possible.

This kind of misjudgment caused the mistaken friends of Job to highly displease God, and made repentance upon their part necessary in order to forgiveness.

Before leaving this subject (which the author has already treated much more fully, in his book entitled *Grace Magnified*) we feel that we ought to say that, sometimes God is dishonored when we fail to recognize our need of and dependence upon Him even while using the best means in our power to combat disease. We sometimes make too much dependence upon men and physicians. This was the sin of King Asa as recorded in II Chronicles XVI: 12, and is the sin of many. Some even go so far as to say that when Jesus left this world all his power to heal the bodies of men was suspended and is no more exercised. If this is so there can be no greater mockery than to pray for the recovery of the sick, whether done in public or in private.

Let us avoid becoming hobbyists, but let us realize constantly that our bodies, as well as our souls, are embraced in the great work of redemption, and bestow upon them all possible care.

*Practices.*

It is quite probable that this theme of hobbies needs a still more careful investigation when we turn our attention to what men *do* rather than to what they believe. Of course it is difficult to separate these things and it is to be feared that but few *do* as well as they *know* or believe. But even here there needs much charity and self investigation.

Perhaps it is impossible to write on this subject and accomplish the best results.

The writer was approached quite recently with the inquiry: "Where is that passage found that 'actions speak louder than words?'" The inquirer was quite astonished when imformed that, nowhere in the Bible does that exact statement occur.

The practices of those who profess discipleship to Christ are the constant theme of observation and criticism; and it becomes us all to look carefully at ourselves.

The apostle Paul inquires, in that remarkable fourteenth chapter to the Romans; "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" In the beginning of that same epistle, as appears in the second chapter, it is asserted; "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

A little further on, in the same chapter, this apostle inquires; "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

In that wonderful sermon on the mount there fell from the lips of the immaculate one; "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The evangelist John in his first general epistle, Chap.

III: 20 and 21, writes: "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God."

With all this premised, that we may not be uncharitable, or fail to make allowance for the prejudices of education, we may notice briefly what may sometimes be regarded as simply "a hobby." We mean the reference that is made from time to time to the influence of some habits and practices that many Christian men, and even ministers sometimes indulge and refuse to abandon. We might name other things, but incline to particularize only two, *viz*: The use of intoxicating beverages, in any form or degree, and the use of tobacco. Of the former we need scarcely say, It is so largely abandoned, and the growing sentiment is so great against it, that there are but few Christians left who will venture to defend the practice. Even in old testament times those who ministered in holy things were required to separate themselves from all practices that might in any way render them unclean or lessen their influence for the highest and purest services. The cry of Isaiah that seems to be intended for these gospel days: "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," was but a reiteration of God's requirements of the Priesthood under the old dispensation. (See Isa. LII: 11: Lev. XXII: 2, and elsewhere.)

One of the most noted of modern evangelists, and one whose observation has been very wide, remarked to this writer awhile since: "Smoking parsons do not have revivals." I hoped then and hope still, that there might be some exceptions to this expressed rule. The plain word of God may be accompanied by the power of the Holy

Ghost, when and where and by whomsoever spoken. But is there not reason to fear that many an earnest ambassor has been, and continues to be, thoroughly hindered, as to usefulness, in this day of light and knowledge, because carrying about with him, in clothing, and breath, the fumes of the poisonous weed ?

This is written in tenderness of spirit with the recognition of the fact that some of these tobacco users are men of mental strength, and whose spirit far excels many of those who are free from this particular habit.

But O Brethren, whether in the ministry or laity, if you, or I, fall into, and fail to abandon, a generally condemned practice, that lessens our influence with our generation, and leads any to stand aloof from the embrace of the gospel we preach to them, it is not a matter to be lightly considered and put aside in the exercise of our assumed independence.

All this may be adjudged as the utterances of a "hobbyist," condemning himself, but God will judge "righteous judgment."

Perhaps enough, if not too much, has been written on this subject to accomplish the object sought; and to help the spirit of charity, and to invite all the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ to engage in a joint effort to win the world to Him.

When men are found CASTING OUT DEVILS in the name of Jesus it will not do to forbid them, because they do not join us, and follow in the same path. *To his own master he standeth or falleth.*

More and more "Jesus only," and what *He* taught, is the motto that influences this writer. This may lead to a separate chapter before our *Once Again* book is finished.

## CHAPTER V.

### Human Probation.

Perhaps there is no subject of such stupendous interest to all men, as the inquiry; "*When* and *where* and *how* are the great issues that attach to time, in its relations to eternity, to be settled?" This however is too full and broad an inquiry to be entered, upon by any finite mind, with the expectation of finding a complete answer.

There is no wiser reply to many of the problems involved in such an inquiry than the frank acknowledgement: "I DO NOT KNOW!" "It has not been fully revealed!" There is enough, however, found in what has been revealed to make it both wise and safe to raise the solemn note of warning and entreaty to all the travelers through this wilderness world, lest by carelessness or indifference to the voice of tenderness and love, they rush on to ruin when the promise for safety and eternal happiness has been abundantly made. It will scarcely be denied by any that, the readers of the Bible (which we who write and those who read this book insist upon is the word of God to men), will find the danger signal floating at almost every point, indicating that care must be exercised, or disaster will result from a journey through this life.

That the future life is being shaped by the use made of this seems so clearly taught, or so fully adduced by a reading of the Bible, that it is surprising that any should doubt and venture to assert that, "This is not so!" Indeed we might almost say that, the instincts

of the race are such that it scarcely needs a revelation to fix this belief in the human mind. There must be something very wrong when this thought has no influence upon the conduct of men. All exhortation to make a wise use of this life because of its relation to what will follow, not only teaches that *something* will follow, but that the consequences may be sad if neglect is indulged.

That man is, "A probationer in time for eternity" is so generally believed that various expressions have sprung up and are received with almost the authority of scripture quotations, even when not found in exact form anywhere. The frequently quoted expression: "As death leaves us so judgment will find us," is based upon the distinct statement found in the epistle to the Hebrews, 9th chap. and 27th verse: "It is appointed unto men, once to die, but after this the judgment." Also upon the words found in Ecc. XI: 3, "If a tree fall towards the south, or towards the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be." The labored and far fetched efforts sometimes employed to do away with these convictions are and must be very unsatisfactory.

There is no argument at all to be based upon the short period of this life as compared with the endless ages of the hereafter in the history of any individual. *That is not the question at all.* It is rather: What will be the result of a failure to make a right choice?

The exhortation found in Ecc. IX: 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" indicates plainly that if the opportunities of this life are not improved, they cease to exist when this life is over. Or, in other words,

there is a work assigned us here, that must be done here, or not done at all. The wise man was inspired to write: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. (Prov. xxix : 1.)

When God made man in His moral likeness He endowed him with the power of choice, and He has never taken from him that power. So he has been exhorted over and over again : "Choose ye whom ye will serve!" and every man *knows* that he has this power whatever efforts be made to persuade himself otherwise.

The great and gracious God and Father of us all represents Himself as pleading with the rebellious among men and urging that they turn from their evil ways and live and enjoy his favor.

When we come to the New Testament we hear the God man inviting all to come unto him ; but faithfully telling them who refused : "Ye shall die in your sins : Whither I go, ye cannot come." (See John viii : 21 and 24.)

### *Another Gospel.*

The writer once heard a speaker, in a funeral address, say : "Death is a beginning rather than an ending. When one dies we say, the end has come ; it would be truer if we said, the beginning. Death is always a beginning, the beginning of *better* things."

This speaker afterward published his address and in such printed document, repeated "O believe me friends, death is a beginning, not an ending ; and *always* the beginning of *better* things"—with the emphasis upon "always" and "better."

This being so, death, instead of being an enemy to man, as represented in the scripture, is, The best friend

that can come to the obdurately wicked, though he may come by the hand of the suicide.

This may seem a strong way of putting the case, but it seems to the writer as the inevitable and unanswerable conclusion from the premises. If the conclusion is wrong the premises are wrong; and there is no escape from the responsibility of such teaching.

I have wondered whether such teaching can have extended so far as to be responsible for the frequency of self-destruction as it has multiplied in these latter days! It used to be rare for men in gospel lands to take their own lives, and a suicide created a horror and sadness in the community; but this is not so any more.

Some very good Christians admit that if they could come to believe what was stated in the address referred to, they would be led to seek escape from the severe trials and afflictions that are upon them. But, to the man or woman not a Christian, passing through this world in the midst of disappointments and reverses, poverty and suffering, until life itself has become a burden, this teaching suggests a ready and easy way out of all into a *better* condition. It is only to turn on the gas and lie down to die; or to jump into the water and drown, or to take some quickly acting poison, or to put the pistol at the head and blow out the brains, and enter upon the *better things*. Beware ye that teach that all men have a probation after this life, and that death is "*always* the beginning of better things" lest some, hearing this, neglect the "great (present) salvation" and their blood be found on your shirts!

### *Not So Jesus.*

If there is any meaning at all to our Lord's teaching in the parable of "the rich man and Lazarus," as re-

lated in Luke's Gospel at the 16th chapter, verses 19–31, it is,

First.—That at the death of these bodies, the *man* lives right on.

Secondly.—That the life and conduct here determine the conditions hereafter.

Thirdly.—That a life of the highest condition of luxury and ease here, may end in the most abject misery.

Fourthly.—That the lowest and most undesirable condition, as to our surroundings here, may at any time, be exchanged for one of bliss and happiness; and

Fifthly.—That the proud revellers *here*, may in vain desire the service of the most lowly *there* when it is forever too late.

About the most glaring and absurd teaching that can be indulged in is to say: "All men receive the reward of their doings in this life." Or, as it is sometimes put, "Sinners have their hell here!"

God, in the exercise of His tender love often makes "the way of the transgressor hard" that he may be turned therefrom; but He quite as often permits men to defy His efforts to save them, and lets them have their heaven here.

The Psalmist was no more perplexed than many another has been when, considering "the prosperity of the wicked," He said: "Their eyes stand out with fatness." "Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches." And there was no solution of the problem until he "went into the sanctuary of God."—Then he "understood their end." (See Psalm LXXIII:—particularly verses 3, 7, 12, 16–17.) The same Psalmist declared: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, yet he passed away, and lo, he was not." (See Psalm

XXXVII: 35–36) The assurance is given and cannot fail, that *somewhere* and *somehow*, "It shall be well with the righteous, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." And that "It shall be ill with the wicked, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." (See Isaiah III: 10–11.) But that this is often not so in this life, needs no discussion. God's providential dealings with men in this life, seem often most unequal and not to be understood.

The serious blunder that the three "friends" of Job made when he was suffering so deeply in body, mind and estate from the severe visitation that had come upon him, was an attempt to read the mind of God in the condition of our bodies and our possessions.

This life is not the period of judgment nor of retribution. It is the day of grace and discipline.

The satisfactory explanation of God's permission to Satan to afflict Job as he did, is found in the illustration given to the world for all time, of the reward of sterling integrity persisted in under the most mysterious trials. Job declared: "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him." Satan was vanquished and at last completely overthrown. So shall it ever be. A good man's ways are ordered of the Lord; and though he be permitted to fall into and under serious troubles he shall be delivered and come out victorious.

Attention has sometimes been called to the fact that in the 23rd verse of the wonderful 37th Psalm, the word "good" has been supplied by the translators. It is argued from this that if this word had not been inserted another, and a very different doctrime would have been taught: It is even more than intimated that this particular scripture teaches that the steps of all men are ordered of the Lord.

This seems to this writer not only as untenable but most positively unscriptural, for the proof of which we need not go beyond the verse itself now only partially quoted. The other portion of the sentence is "and he delighteth in his way." Are those to whom we refer willing to assert that, God delighteth in the way of the wicked man?

To us it seems that our translators could not have performed a better service than to insert this word "good." It shows that they apprehended the real meaning as is evident from what immediately follows, and from the whole trend of the psalm; and we may say the entire tenor of the scriptures elsewhere.

The effort to appear zealous for the most literal rendering of the Bible sometimes makes very crude reading, and calls for the exercise of some common sense as well as learning.

The supplied words of our translators, while not *always* appearing necessary, are often *very helpful*, and cannot be dispensed with altogether and give the best version of the revealed word. The comments of good and wise expositors and the marginal readings in our "Student Bibles" have given us almost *all* we have needed for many years to be able to understand the mind of the spirit as set forth in "the book of books."

The hearty reception of our "King James' version" has furnished food for the souls of vast multitudes who have lived happily and died gloriously in the centuries past.

This is not to condemn the new versions, so multiplying in these latter days, but only to guard the unwary, that sometimes wrong impressions may be made, by a very little matter, and thus the steps of some turned out of the way. Let us beware; and make sure that new

leaders are always pointing the right way, and let us not readily give up our faith in what we have believed to be the fundamentals of our holy Christianity.

*Some Important Passages.*

Before closing this chapter on Human Probation let us look at a passage, or two, from both the old and the new testaments, for the candid consideration of all who desire to tread the narrow way that leads to life.

In the book of Proverbs chapter 1st, vs. 24–31, it reads: "Because I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

These words are quoted from the King James version and are not modified in the "revised edition." They are strong and very plain, and it is no part of this writer's business to even attempt to explain them away.

Very early in the history of the race, God said: "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

This warning has, in substance and in fact, been often repeated as the ages have come and gone.

When we turn to the New Testament and listen to the Great Teacher, in His direct intercourse with those He gathered about Him, we hear Him say: "Many will

say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity." These words are found in Matthew's Gospel in the 7th chapter and vs. 22 and 23 and are part of the wonderful "sermon on the mount." They are followed by a showing of what shall be the result of hearing *but not doing*, the sayings that Jesus was then speaking to the multitude, and that have come down to us just the same as though we had been in the groups immediately addressed. Indeed they come to us with even greater force than attended their deliverance more than 1900 years since.

The element of righteousness ran through all Jesus' teaching; and He was careful to show the *comparative* responsibility of all. (See and read with care Matthew XI: 20–24.) For further enlightenment on this whole subject consult Luke XIII: 24–30.

There surely is enough in all this and in the specific teaching of the inspired volume, to lead the poet to say in the hymn we sometimes sing:

"Some one will knock when the door is shut."

And to lead us all to solemnly inquire: "Shall you? Shall I?" Dear reader, let us both, and all, answer, "No, it shall not be any of us!"

Let us rather join heartily in the language of invitation found in another familiar hymn:

"Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found."

To those who turn from their sins and accept Christ as their Saviour and serve God according to their abil-

ity, and bear up under the trials that come to them here the future is bright and blessed. To all such it is distinctly promised: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." And: "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." But read Rom. II: 1–11. We will not quote in full. A part of this is: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life: But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; for there is no respect of persons with God."

### "*No Chance.*"

But it is often said by our not imaginary opponents: "Multitudes who come into this world and go hence have no chance of choice offered them here; and surely they must and will have a probation hereafter."

It seems as though those who thus confidently declare, over-look the distinct statement concerning Jesus as "The light of the world."

The evangelist John says: "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (See John I: 9.) The "revised version" states this truth even more emphatically when it says: "There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world."

Paul in his 1st epistle to the Corinthians at the 12th chapter and 7th verse says: "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

Nor have such seemed to consider the wonderful

words found in the epistle to the Romans, put in parenthesis in our King James' version but not by the revisers: "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another. (See Rom. II: 13–15.)

Bnt it is said: "It would not be right for them who have not had the gospel in this life to be held accountable for its teachings when called to judgment."

We have need to go back only one verse in that 2nd chapter to the Romans — even to the 12th, to note with what care the Holy Ghost sets forth the exact justice of the whole proceeding. For although there may be a little obscurity in the language employed, yet we must concede that the meaning is, *There will be no injustice done and cannot be!*

I *must* believe that somehow and somewhere every intelligent and immortal soul will have a distinct opportunity to "choose life" and live forever with all that is thus implied. The *when* and *how* must be left for infinite wisdom coupled with infinite love to determine. The Righteous Judge must have it to say to all who are finally condemned: "*I* would but *ye* would not."

Where does it appear that the Great Lawgiver of the universe has appointed an attorney to defend His administration? And if any believe themselves called to such office, will not the presumption of such a thought lead all such volunteers, somewhere, and at some time, to hang their heads in shame at the folly and failure?

*Our Duty.*

Let us do all in our power to spread the knowledge of the gospel. For us to express pity for the heathen and not do what we can to give them the advantages we enjoy, is very much like saying to the hungry and naked, "be clothed and fed," while we do nothing to either cover or feed them. There is no trust in God that can compare with that which comes at the end of our best endeavors to obey His mandates!

It is hardly possible to exalt the love of God too much, except where it is done at the expense of the principle of justice. He is perfect *in all the attributes of His nature.*

Let those of us who have the gospel rejoice in its privileges and do what we can to call all men to repentance; and *then* let us have the fullest confidence that the God and Father of us all will never be wanting to recognize us and make us His instruments to spread the knowlege of His name.

Do not let us by word or deed shut up the Churches, but rather do all we can to fill them with attentive hearers.

Do not let us disband our missionary societies or lessen their influence just when the doors of the whole world are open for the "glad tidings."

Do not let us do less, but always more, for the promotion of every reformative movement that is trying to make the world better.

Do not let us insist that the world is growing worse, when all the nations are coming more and more under the influence of Christianity.

Above all things, do not let us attempt to hold God responsible for the evils that exist; but let us ever seek

to be His agents in the more rapid establishment of His kingdom among men.

And let us all do what we can to induce those around us to make an *immediate* decision to listen and obey the tender invitation of the Christ whose voice comes down to us in this 20th Century, saying: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

It has been well said many a time: "Procrastination is the thief of time and the destroyer of men's souls." He who neglects to hear, or refuses to obey, has no warrant for the belief that he will ever hear again. The nature of sin is to harden the heart against heavenly influences. In Ecclesiastes VIII: 11, it is written: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

If the Spirit is grieved and driven away the mind is left in darkness and without help.

We may appropriately introduce here a clipping from Archbishop Whately, taken from a recent copy of the Christian Advocate:

"It is a melancholy task for us, the ministers of the Gospel, to be so often applied to, on the approach of death, by those who have not prepared for the great change; whose seedtime has been delayed till the harvest. * * * 'Give us of your oil (they seem to say), for our lamps are going out.'

"The time to prepare for the Lord's coming is *now*.

"'Be ye therefore ready,' that you may inherit the blessing promised to those faithful servants 'whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.' 'For

yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. * * * But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. * * * Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.' "

Of how many must it be said, as Jesus said to those he directly addressed in his day: "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

Let no one, who reads these words, say: "I have never had a fair chance." YOU HAVE IT NOW. Do not reject at your peril! May God help us to not only escape the death that never dies; but to lay hold on eternal life.

"God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.' (I John v: 11–12 vs. R. V.)

Let me quote once again: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

## CHAPTER VI.

### The Sacred Scriptures.

Probably the faith of all denominations of avowed Christians in the sacred scriptures can scarcely be stated better than it is found in Articles v and vi, in the Book of Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So we transcribe these articles as a preliminary to the purposes of this chapter.

Article V: "The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scriptures we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testament of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church. The names of the canonical books are:

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, The First Book of Samuel, The Second Book of Samuel, The First Book of Kings, The Second Book of Kings, The First Book of Chronicles, The Second Book of Chronicles, The Book of Ezra, The Book of Nehemiah, The Book of Esther, The Book of Job, The Psalms, The Proverbs, Ecclesiastes or the Preacher, Cantica or Song of Solomon, Four Prophets the Greater, Twelve Prophets the less.

All the Books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive and account canonical."

Article VI: "The Old Testament is not contrary to

the New; for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, being both God and man. Wherefore, they are not to be heard who feign that the old fathers did look only for transitory promises. Although the law given from God by Moses as touching ceremonies and rites doth not bind Christians, nor ought the civil precepts thereof of necessity be received in any commonwealth; yet notwithstanding, no Christian whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral."

These words being believed, it must be acknowledged that there is hardly anything so important as a correct knowledge of what these books, constituting the Old and New Testaments, contain; and no effort to correctly understand them can be too great. And as our Bibles are translated from the tongues in which they were originally written, all honest effort, made by sincere and learned men, to give us the best rendering is to be commended and observed; and this is true into whatsoever language or dialect these scriptures are translated. No man can possibly engage in a higher and nobler work than those who are seeking to multiply the copies into all languages and dialects, so that *all* the inhabitants of the earth can read for themselves the word of God to *them*. The miracle of the Pentecost, when all heard in their own tongue wherein they were born, (See Acts II: 8) whether performed in the speakers, or hearers, was but a type of the will of God in these last days, brought to pass not by miraculous, but by natural and regular means and instrumentalities.

It is no purpose of this chapter to take up, or repeat the unanswered and unanswerable arguments that go to establish the Divine Authority of these sacred scriptures.

The fact of their numerous writers widely separated from each other and in different periods of many hundreds and even thousands of years apart, making together a marvelous whole and agreement cannot be put aside or estimated too highly. The wonderful preservation of these books despite the numerous efforts of wicked men and of those in authority to destroy them, challenges overthrow. The revelations of science that, more and more, are confirming the disputed historical references of the Bible are invaluable.

All these things are well known and understood by all careful Bible students.

To dispute with infidels, or open unbelievers, is no part of our present work.

Our object is entirely a different one, *viz:* To emphasize such principles that should be observed in reading the Bible to get the best results and to be saved from such skeptical suggestions and insinuations that may often tend to confusion and harmfulness.

### *One of These Principles.*

In Ecc. VII : 29 it is written: "Lo this only have I found that God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." To observe this conclusion will help much in reading the Bible.

This is said at the end of a perplexing investigation to find out "the reason of things." Verse 25 of this same chapter says: "I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness."

Allowing these to be the words of Solomon, there would seem to be an end to the attempt to reason out the cause of this world's troubles, or, in any way, to make

God the Author of evil. God endowed Solomon with "a wise and understanding heart," so that there was none before, or after like unto him (See I Kings III: 12.)

If Solomon did not write these words, they are still a part of the sacred record, and conform fully to the whole trend of revelation.

*Very Important.*

It is of the greatest importance that it be constantly observed that the promises of God in the sacred scriptures, as well as His threatenings; and also the inspired writings of the prophets and New Testament admonitions and teachings, are all conditioned upon the acceptance or rejection of men, and upon their obedience, or disobedience as the case may be.

In illustration of this, will the reader please consider carefully the statements found in II Chronicles VII: from the 12th verse to the close of the chapter, giving special attention to the 16th, 19th and 20th verses. Also, in further illustration, please examine Ezekiel XVIII: from the 20th verse to the 30th. Then look upon one of perhaps the tenderest scenes to be found in the Bible, and witness Jesus weeping and exclaiming: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. XXIII: 37 and Luke XIII: 34.)

Some have lessened the solemn import of the declarations following this pathetic statement, *viz*: ("Behold your house is left unto you, desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,")

by concluding that the latter of these words indicate that the sin of Christ's crucification will be wiped out at His second coming. How this remarkable idea can be reached when the preceding context in Matt. XXIII: verses 31–36 is read, I cannot see. True it is that Jesus prayed for the active participants in his tortures while He hung upon the cross, in the ever memorable words: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." The soldiers and servants engaged in the work of executing the putting to death of "Jesus of Nazareth," were undoubtedly ignorant of his character and nature, and were only fulfilling the offices assigned them. But how about those who cried before Pilate: "Crucify him, crucify him," and said "His blood be on us, and on our children?" (See Mark XV: 13 and 14 and Matt. XXVII: 25.) It was of these that Jesus said to Pilate: "He that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." (John XIX: 11.) Who can say that none of these, still unrepentant leaders, will be among those who when this same Jesus shall come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, "shall wail (or mourn) because of Him?" Of course, the time is coming when "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." But does it follow that because all enemies shall be overthrown and brought into submission as conquered, that men's *hearts* will be changed, or the consequences of their sins no more separate them from God and goodness? When this material universe shall fall into ruin, and God's great day of reckoning shall have come, there will be many seeking to hide themselves "from the wrath of the Lamb;" and crying to the rocks and mountains to fall on them, that they may escape from the face of Him that sitteth on the Throne. (See Rev. VI: 15–17.)

Meanwhile let us be ambitious to join Paul in saying: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Rom. 1: 16.) Let us emphasize the words *it* and *every one that believeth.*

I have written thus much in this section of the chapter on "the sacred scriptures," which almost seems as though it should have come in under the chapter on "Human Probation." But the desire to get the *conditional* character of God's reasoning with men in the revealed word, before all minds, in reading the Book of Books, has seemed to give it its place here. There is a growing disposition to unduly exalt the love of God at the expense of His justice; and this must not be if He is put before us as of infinite perfections.

### *God Always Right.*

Another principle that should ever be kept in mind, in reading the scriptures, is, that: God is always the unchangeable lover of righteousness and hater of all iniquity.

God is identified in many places in the Bible with severe inflictions upon men; but it is always because of His enemies rising up against Him, and bringing upon themselves the sorrows and afflictions that came because of their rebellion. In the unequal contest man must always be the loser.

### *True History.*

Then it should always be borne in mind, in reading the Bible that where it gives history it must be true to that history. It is an argument in support of its integrity that the failings, faults and sins, of some of its most

prominent characters are portrayed without any attem pt at justification.

It will not do to conclude that because it is recorded of Bible characters that they lied at times, or sinned in other ways, that it is right, or safe, for us to make light of sin. Not even the most prominent of Bible characters (aside from Jesus) are our exemplars.

There never has been but one *perfect* life on earth and there will never be another.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "We must not go back to Abraham, Isaac or Jacob for our examples of holy living." He might have included more in the list. If we take David's life we find that he was an adulterer and murderer at one time. Back a little farther we learn that Noah got drunk; and that Lot fell into some of the most disgusting crimes.

As we read on however, we have the record of the deep repentance and plea for pardon and cleansing of some of these. When we come down to the New Testament we learn that one feature of Christ's mission into the world was *to call sinners to repentance.* The scriptures show us the power of Divine grace to change the vilest (See I Cor. VI: 9–11.)

We must make allowance for the measure of light enjoyed and for many other influences, and always remember that God knows the *heart* and has always winked at sins committed in times of ignorance that must be repented of when discovered.

The Mormons justify the practice of polygamy because some of the early fathers, and even some of the patriarchs were polygamists. The same kind of reasoning would justify drunkenness, adultery and murder. If God had intended that man should have more than one wife at a time, He would have applied His own anaes-

thetics more liberally, and have performed a further work of surgery upon Adam in providing the supply; and would have so ordered that the females of the race should have largely outnumbered the males. He did none of these things, but instituted the marriage relation between *one* man and *one* woman in the most sacred way, as is stated in Genesis II: 24.

### *Two Distinct Characters.*

Two distinct characters are constantly recognized and commented upon in the Bible. These are spoken of as, "The righteous and wicked;" as "Saints and sinners;" as "They who love God and they who do not;" as "Those who come to Jesus and those who refuse."

All teaching is one-sided and misleading that does not consider this continually.

### "*The Scarlet Thread.*"

There is nothing that makes the reading of the Bible so dear to those whose hearts become filled with love to God, as to observe the various methods in which the plan of human redemption is kept before the reader. Beginning in the promise to the first sinning pair, it crops out through the history of the Jews in their sacrifices; and in the predictions of the prophets; until it is unfolded in the history of the incarnation, birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus. And then it runs on in the fulfillment of the prophesy and promise of the Holy Ghost dispensation.

Thence we are left to wait for the second coming of the Lord with all its yet unrevealed glory.

### *Modern Quibblers.*

With a desire to correct a kind of quibbling that sometimes prevails where it ought not, and is calculated

to only do harm, this section makes mention of a practice that has often distressed the writer; and that it seems to us ought not to be continued.

In the days when Christ was on the earth, the Pharisees, Sadducees, Lawyers and others, often gathered about him to ask curious questions with the purpose of "catching Him in His words." It seems there could have been no other motive in this than to discredit if possible His wisdom and lessen His influence. *He* was able always to answer in such a way as to put these quibblers to shame and to silence these gainsayers. But the day of quibbling has not altogether ceased.

Open infidelity hardly makes any show now and seldom, if at all, lifts up its voice in our religious assemblies. There are those however who, while professing to be Christians, seem sometimes to pride themselves upon introducing knotty questions that are supposed to be difficult, if not impossible, of perfectly satisfactory answers.

If infinite wisdom could be imparted to all human teachers, these questions could always be answered readily and the questioners forever silenced; and most if not all, who hold the responsible place of teachers in our Sunday schools and Bible classes would find themselves able to defend the precious word from harm.

What is desired here is: To protest against all such practices.

If there are really serious questions that amount to difficulties, let us *quietly* and *confidentially* and *privately* converse about them; and remember that the Bible should not be judged by single passages selected here and there away from their connections; but rather should be read and studied, as other books are studied,

*as a whole* with one part explaining as well as depending upon all other parts.

It is no reflection upon the Bible to say that, almost any doctrine, or practice, can be bolstered up by singling out some statement independently of other statements elsewhere, or wrongly linked.

The sacred scriptures will be to us just about what we resolve to make them. If the purpose is, to find fault, and to look for some error to magnify, we can easily get into darkness and doubt. But if we study for heavenly wisdom we will be made wise unto salvation. The Bible will grow more and more interesting when read *continuously* as other books are read; and over and over again. It is always new and does not become stale by repetition.

### *Two Questions Considered.*

Having said so much in a general way, upon this disposition to quibble, may I venture to refer to two questions that have been heard so many times that it seems to this writer they ought to be satisfactorily answered, once for all?

The first of these questions is: "Where did Cain get his wife?" Or, "who was Cain's wife?"

I cannot tell how many times my ears have been greeted with this question, which is evidently supposed to contain an almost unanswerable problem. This does not so seem.

I should answer unhesitatingly: All men to get wives at all at the beginning must have selected of the "females," *however near the kinship might have been*, and then it could not be as intimate as that of Adam and Eve. Cain probably took for a wife one of his sisters; and by so doing not only did not do wrong, but

if he were a true and faithful husband was exactly in God's order. God created man "male and female" and instituted the holy rite of marriage between them as male and female. The relationships of brothers and sisters, and other affinities, did not exist in their actions in the same way, until, through the licentiousness of sinners the world became so corrupt, that, some 2,500 years after the first family, God instituted specific laws among the Israelites to rescue men from shameless wickedness, and establish a purer people. (Examine the book of Leviticus.)

We need to-day more legislation, both in church and state, to guard this sacred institution.

When the Pharisees came to Jesus with the questions about putting away one's wife, he answered them in a way to settle the whole matter, and put special stress upon what marriage was in its institution *at the beginning*. (See Matt. XIX: 3–9 and also Mark X: 2–9.)

Another question that has been often proposed as seeming to intimate that there is an inconsistency in that part of the prayer Jesus taught the disciples, where it says: "Lead us not into temptation," is: "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" I have listened to sundry attempts to answer this question that did not answer it so satisfactorily but that it came up again in a little while. Is it not sufficient to say: *This cannot mean that we are in danger of being led into temptation by our Heavenly Father?* Must it not rather be regarded as a specific prayer FOR DIVINE LEADING?

Inasmuch as Our Father knows where the sources of temptations are, we are all taught to ask Him to lead us *away from them*, and to "deliver us from evil" or "*from the evil one.*" (R. V.)

These two questions have been noticed because they have been so often brought into notice as being particularly difficult ones, and in hopes that something might here be written to help put them aside.

All quibbling, for the sake of quibbling, is harmful. Let us rather settle in our minds that, we have in the sacred scriptures a mine of inestimable wealth and dig earnestly for the gems that enrich. When John the Baptist came as the forerunner of Christ and as the link between the Old and New Testaments he said: "The law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Let us always keep this in mind in our study of the sacred scriptures.

*Another Reference to The Lord's Prayer.*

The reference to the "Lord's prayer" that we have already made, leads to the passing observation, that it would be well if all Christians and Christian congregations could fix upon the same form of words in the use of this prayer, and thus be in more perfect harmony. Some of us say: "Forgive us our *trespasses*," and others say: "Forgive us our *debts*." The latter form is quite zealously insisted upon by some because the rendering is so in Matthew's gospel. *We* prefer the former because it seems to us, that it more perfectly explains, in that word "trespasses," the meaning. This seems to be made plain by our Lord himself in the 14th and 15th verses of that 6th chapter in Matthew, immediately following the form in which the word "debts" is employed. It is a little thing, and because so little, might we not all fix upon our Lord's explanation, and be in harmony? The word "debts" has a kind of commercial meaning now; and probably none of us mean *that* when we repeat the Lord's prayer.

But if we cannot agree in everything let us "agree to disagree" in what is not an essential matter.

### *All Prayer.*

In attempting to suggest some helps to the study of the scriptures we would make a great omission, if we failed to urge the importance of prayer for Divine enlightenment. Nothing can take the place of this, or atone for its neglect.

Is it asked: What is prayer? We may answer that James Montgomery has beautifully expressed the reply in his hymn we so love to sing:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

There is more of this hymn but these verses bring the definition to us very helpfully.

To put it in prose: Prayer does not always consist in the utterance of words, unless the words express the real longing of the heart to know God and the things of God; and to get from Him a fulfillment of His will as expressed in His word.

But it is sometimes asked: "What good is prayer? Can it change the mind of God, and make anything different from what it would otherwise be?" We answer: Yes! It always changes the mind of God when it changes our attitude towards Him. When will we ever get out of the old metaphysical muddle between the *attributes* of God and His acts? God knows everything—even the end from the beginning; but He has ordained

prayer, and is exercised in His dealings with us just in proportion to our estimate of the privileges of making our wants and wishes known to Him in submission to His wisdom and will. The declaration in James, chapter 4 and verse 2: "Ye have not, because ye ask not," has no meaning or force at all except it is the purpose of God to give us, when we ask aright and to withhold when we refuse to ask.

To indulge in a little poetry again, we may say that the facts of sacred history, justify the strong words of Charles Wesley when he writes:

> "O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
> What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
> God's hands or bound or open are,
> As Moses or Elijah prays;
> Let Moses in the spirit groan,
> And God cries out, Let me alone!"

This was illustrated over and over again in the history of the Israelites both in Egypt, in the wilderness, and afterwards, when their backsliding led to the Divine threatenings; and when, in answer to the prayers of God's prophets, His anger was turned away and His mercies exercised.

The case of the Ninevites, as related in the book of Jonah, is in point as to the averting of national calamities in answer to prayer.

The prayer of Jabez as related in I Chronicles IV: 9 has often been referred to as a model, and is worthy of being quoted here, as embracing both temporal and spiritual things, and the assurance that he was heard and answered: "Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me; and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!" This is the prayer, but it is added

in the record: "God granted him that which he requested."

Surely then no prayer can be of greater value to us, in an endeavor to know the scriptures than this: Oh God open Thou mine understanding! The answer to this prayer is often more to us than all human teachers and commentators. These have their great use, but some of their best thoughts come in answer to their own prayers, or in listening to the inspired testimony of some simple and humble disciple who has been taught of God. Human leaders are fallible, but if we are really taught of the Lord we will be always taught aright.

A recent writer in one of our religious magazines, in commenting upon Jesus' words in Matthew VII: 8: "Every one that asketh receiveth," made the points,

First—"He receiveth something."

Secondly—"He receiveth good things."

This was based upon the strong query found in the 11th verse of the 7th chapter of Matthew: "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" The other point made by the writer referred to, was:

Thirdly—"He shall receive the very things he needs." This was established by the assurance contained in the words found in Matthew 6th chapter and 8th verse: "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of." These are all good points.

I admit, and like to repeat: The highest form of prayer is communion with God. But this also embraces the sweet idea of asking and receiving. Jesus' prayer as found in John XVII was communion, but it was also supplication, and we are to-day rejoicing in its answer.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Jesus Only.

I want to write a short chapter under this heading because I believe it is the key to all real and genuine Christian union, and has in it the fulfillment of the prediction found in Isa. xi: 9, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

When Jesus took Peter, James and John, into the mountain and was transfigured before them, and when Moses and Elijah appeared upon the scene, the disciples became so diverted that they were in danger of losing the benefit of the lessons they were there to learn. They were inclined to give equal attention to the old worthies as to the Master himself. Peter said: "Let us make three tabernacles; one for thee and one for Moses and one for Elijah." Just then a "cloud overshadowed them," and obscured their vision, and a voice out of the cloud said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." They were aroused from their wanderings and saw *Jesus Only.*

It seems to me that that wonderful display with its lessons, has in it much of great value to us in this day. It has not only been true in past ages, but it is especially true now: That other teachers may attract us away from the person and words of Jesus. Jesus' ministry upon the earth was short and His words were few. But it seems to me that His words were so comprehensive that the study of them cannot be exhausted. This makes of special interest the copies of the New Testament that

mark and thus emphasize these words. It is the fact that all Jesus did and said was so capable of expansion that John was led to end his gospel with the remarkable statement: "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written?"

One thing is certain, that Jesus took particular pains to caution against the coming of false teachers when He said: "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets!" and it would seem that this prophesy is being fulfilled in our day. But we are safe if we keep to the words of Jesus, and remember that He said concerning them: "They are spirit, and they are life." Whatever leads us to study Him, in His sayings and doings, more carefully, is valuable; and whatever diverts is harmful. The time is drawing on when all forms of religious systems, and all other leaders must bow to Him who is Lord of all.

The epistle to the Hebrews opens with this declaration: "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds."

These thoughts may be somewhat crude and not well expressed, but I have a profound conviction that we are in danger of drifting away from the source of all power if we fail to stamp the motto on our minds that "Jesus Only" is sufficient for us all, and that the world is not so much to be brought to any form of *opinions* as to listen, with open ears, and to obey with ready feet, the words left on record as falling from His lips. (See Matt. VII: 24–27.)

When the Jews boasted that they were "Moses' disciples," Jesus said to them: "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me."

All religious truth worth attention must center in Jesus and his teachings! All religious teachers of all ages, must go down before His authority! Not only Confucius and Buddha and Mohammed, with all their followers, will some day have to own him "Lord of all," but everything in any system, that attempts to shade His glory must some day be found to be false and to be abandoned.

These desultory observations will have more point when I say, It must be "Jesus Only" because He alone can meet the world's needs. The soul of man is longing after the rest and peace that Jesus only brings. The heathen cannot find in their most careful and exacting and wearisome observances, what the acceptance of Jesus brings them at once. The illustrations in support of this might be multiplied by the thousands and ten thousands, and indeed might be extended to the experience of every genuinely regenerated soul.

*Bible Society Record.*

There comes to hand just as I am considering this subject, the number for December 1904, of the organ of the American Bible Society. It contains several things, that bear so directly upon what I am trying to write about, that I yield to the suggestion to appropriate some of these things, and thus help in circulating them and giving them permanency. From a sermon preached by the Rev. Canon H. Henley Hanson there is quoted: "The Gospels contain the record of the perfect human life; * * men see the lines of their duty, not in cold rigid statute, but in a winning personality. Jesus

Christ stands before them in His purity, His strength, His tenderness, His sorrow; and men perforce confess the majesty of His character, and the authority of His example.. Think what it means that in an age when men's minds are fired and debased by sordid dreams of materialism, when the strain of domestic strife grows daily more severe, and the madness of oppression stirs in many crushed and blighted spirits, there should always and everywhere be this pattern of Jesus sustained before the people. * * * When the mind of Christ has really been communicated to the Church, and His spirit controls the relations of Christians with one another, then indeed, we shall see things justly, and get the better of our prejudices, and rise superior to our traditions of conflict."

In an address by a missionary in Syria we find these words: "We do not come primarily to make Moslems better men or better Moslems. If they do (become so) we may be thankful, even if they do not become Christians. But we come to win Moslems to a saving faith in Christ, and to secure their reformation by their union with Him. * * Christianity is the entire scheme of redemption as found in the Bible, from the lamb slain before the foundation of the world to the lamb at the marriage supper."

In an account given of the recent conversion of a Buddhist priest, in Japan, there appears the following testimony from him: "Many years I have longed for peace, but I could not find it in the teachings of Buddha. I do thank God for what I have found since Christ has pardoned all my sins and accepted me as his child. What a blessed thing this is! I cannot describe it to you. It passes all comprehension by those who have it not. You can never know what it is

until your sins have been washed away in the blood of Christ."

But of all the interesting things in this interesting paper, there was nothing that seemed more worthy of being noted than the record of a Sunday School in the city of Boston, where the study of the Bible is made in such a way that its teachings concerning Christ is the truth made most prominent; and the scholars are drilled in committing the passages bearing upon His nature, life and offices. The program of one of the public exercises of this school is published, and it is stated that, without the usual methods of interesting audiences, it is found that this means of bringing out the history of Jesus is most intensely attractive. The following are some of the questions proposed on the particular occasion mentioned:

"Is Christ our Good Shepherd?"

"Would Christ gather us all into one fold?"

"Does Christ care for the lost sheep?"

"Does Christ give us promise of immortal hope?"

"How does Christ comfort us in trouble?"

"What does Christ bid us do if we love Him?"

"In whose name shall we be saved?"

"Can we claim Christ for our brother?"

"Does Christ care for us in peril?"

These questions were assigned to different classes and the answers were in scripture quotations from various parts of the Bible. In this way Jesus as the one "altogether lovely" is fixed in the mind of childhood and comes to fill the mental vision.

If in quoting thus freely from the "Bible Society Record" I may turn the attention of some of my readers to the great and important institution of the American Bible Society, as one of the most efficient agencies in

bringing this world to Christ, I am sure I need not apologize.

*Our Real Desire.*

The one thought that led to this chapter may be indicated in the question: "Is there not a danger of losing sight of Jesus' person, so that we fail to meditate upon His words as we ought, if we get infatuated with any merely human teachers?"

John Calvin and John Wesley were good and great men in their day. So were Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield and many others that will occur to us all. But if we put any of their teachings before us so that we do not give the attention we ought to *Jesus' words*, we will lose instead of gaining.

And if this is true, what becomes of those who are being carried away by some of the new cults where the "founders" are evidently studied more carefully, and esteemed more highly, and preached more constantly, than He who is the Lord and maker of us all?

What makes such books as "In His Steps" and the "Pansy" putting of "Yesterdays Framed in To-day," and such like, of interest and valuable, is the fixing attention on "Jesus Only."

There is no danger of our making too much of Him! There is danger of our making too much of any one else!

"Hasten mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TEMPERANCE.

This word "temperance" ought to be so obsolete, in its relation to the use of intoxicating beverages, that it be banished from our vocabulary when talking, or writing on that subject. We all know that the common meaning of the word is: "Moderation in the indulgence of appetite." The time was when a man might be called a temperance man though he used, in moderation, intoxicating drinks. *That time has passed!*

The poisonous nature of alcohol, and the work of desolation and death that it is constantly working in our land, precludes the propriety of calling any man "a temperance man" who indulges *at all* in any of the beverages that contain the deadly drug. The statement that the word "temperance" should now mean, "A moderate use of that which is healthful, and an entire abstinence from that which is known to be hurtful," is the only consistant signification of this term.

We have written heretofore so fully in opposition to the drinking habits that prevail, alas so fearfully among us; and so decidedly in support of the effort to banish these habits, or to materially lessen them by legislation against the traffic in the death dealing agency, that it is difficult to know how a profitable chapter can be inserted in this effort to "once again" use what influence we have, or can gain, to arrest the desolating tide. Despite all the time and talent and money spent by conscientious men and self-sacrificing women, to counteract

the rising waves that threaten to inundate this fair land of ours, and sweep it out of existence under the curse of God, we learn, from those who study statistics, that the ratio of drinkers, to the population, grows greater instead of less. Then it has been frequently set forth of late, by speakers on this evil, that the sad fact is now apparent that females, in much larger numbers than in former years, are becoming drinkers of intoxicants in the form of wines and cordials, both in their social gatherings and in their individual practice.

This writer does not like to believe these statements, and always *hopes* that there is some mistake.

There is one thing that I am inclined to notice, and that is, a hesitation upon the part of many to *speak out* their opposition to what they will admit, in private conversation, is without excuse. This is particularly true of those who hold official relations to us in municipal, state and general government.

A few years since the great political parties would, in some way, indicate their knowledge of the existence of the drink evil; but they have now come to choose perfect silence in their platforms.

Does it follow, that this is a discouragement? I trow not! It is my belief that the evils of the liquor traffic, and the horrible results of drinking intoxicants, are becoming so glaring that even unprincipled politicians prefer to say nothing rather than to say what fastens upon them a disposition to excuse and uphold. This is hopeful! Sometimes we can find encouragement in strange ways when we believe that God is working out His plans; and that men are *beginning* to fear before Him.

Although there was by far too much drinking at the great political conventions of the year 1904 when the

presidential candidates were nominated and tickets framed, yet it seems to me that too little notice was taken of the published statements that drinking prevailed less, at both the republican and democratic nominating gatherings than in former recent years. It was freely stated that the extensive arrangements of the saloonists, for a big and profitable business, were not patronized according to expectations. That the money profits fell far short of former times, and resulted in the open complaints of those most immediately interested. This may be only "a *straw;*" but the old adage still holds good: "Straws show which way the wind blows!"

Then compare the public spirit of the campaign of 1904 with that of 1884 in relation to the Prohibition question. In the twenty years past we may easily note a great difference in the disposition to give respectful attention to the advocates for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. I do not say that this is altogether confined as to the speakers in support of the Prohibition party, but that it is true of the genuine, out and out denunciation of the saloon, and the authorized protection of the whole abominable business of dealing in intoxicants.

The Rev. Dr. Swallow, the presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party, was given a very respectful hearing in the Presbyterian Church of the city of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Monday evening, October 17th, 1904, as he faithfully set forth the distinct issue presented by that party for the suffrages of the voters. In the course of his address Dr. Swallow related how kindly he was being received everywhere; and how many requests were being made by editors and publishers of our best periodicals for the facts relating to the cause he was advocating.

On the very next evening the Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks, one of the prominent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, addressed a large and intelligent audience, in the First Reformed Dutch Church in the same city of Poughkeepsie, on the horrors of drunkenness and the deadly work of the liquor traffic. In this address Dr. Banks brought out the startling fact that, if five great battles, with the terrible slaughter of 20,000 or more men in each of them, as had recently been fought between the Russians and Japanese, had taken place within the bounds of these United States, the number of slain would not have been more than the victims of drunkenness in this Republic within the past year. He also, most earnestly, depicted the horrors accompanying this work of strong drink—surpassing all the horrors of war with all its terrible results—making fiends and murderers of husbands and fathers, and bringing upon thousands of mothers, wives and children a condition worse than death in any form.

Now I know that the reason we cannot find much comfort in rehearsing these things, is that we stand astonished at the indifference of multitudes who do not and cannot deny the facts, but are not moved to action to stay the results.

But the only point sought to be made just here, is, that these men would not have been invited, or even tolerated in these churches to make their disclosures in recent years as now. The public mind became stirred on this subject in the active campaign of 20 years since. The Prohibitionists were then denounced, persecuted and hated. But all this opposition is dying away, and there is a disposition to listen and weigh reasonable arguments.

No one knows better than this writer where the defect

in all this reasoning lies, but the object is to make record of the facts of history, and to get, from them, all the encouragement possible.

We have just passed through a presidential campaign of which much might be written that had better be kept out of sight. It has ended by a most remarkable decision so emphatically expressed that it has almost the effect of the Master's voice, when He said to the angry waves of Galilee: "Peace be still!" As to this outcome perhaps no words can more fully explain it than those of Dr. J. M. Buckley, the editor of the Christian Advocate when he says: "The people knowing Mr. Roosevelt so well have elected him because they preferred him and his party to any other of the seven candidates and his party. This is the length, breadth, height, and depth of the whole matter."

A storm of personal and disgraceful vituperation prevailed that seemed likely to involve the whole nation in the bitterness of permanent animosities; but it has quickly and we trust forever, subsided. The effort was made, it seems for the first time in the same way in our national history, to make the voters believe that one more than the other of the candidates of the two great parties was honest, and could be really and safely trusted in the high position to which his party and friends desired to place him. The shame was that to counteract the hitherto good name for integrity of both candidates the unblushing policy of belittling and defaming was resorted to.

Well, thank God, that is all over; and it is believed that the defeated and successful candidates will both decide to be friends again as in former years, and call "all things fair in politics"—which nevertheless is our disgrace.

The reader of this may well inquire: "What has all this to do with your subject of Temperance?" We answer: Just this, that the methods of politicians are to a great degree *Intemperate.* This spirit is so catchy that it is likely to get hold upon political speakers of *all* parties, and is always shameful.

The question that most interests us now is: What has been gained, or lost, to the real cause of Temperance? By which we mean, the cause of the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

It must be answered at this writing. *It is difficult to tell!* What *has* been done, is that this question has had a quiet and yet vigorous discussion, and has had more hearers and a more respectful hearing according to the testimony of many than perhaps ever before. This sowing must *somewhere* and *sometime* produce a harvest.

The most telling thing that Dr. Swallow said, in our estimation, was that when President Roosevelt was petitioned, by a large number of signers, through the instrumentality of a prominent and consistent champion of Prohibition, to make some mention of the evils of the liquor traffic in his message to Congress, he utterly failed so to do. This is but an illustration of the influence of the liquor power upon office holders and candidates for election, as quoted from the Methodist Discipline on page 89 of the book entitled *A Few More Words*, and so not repeated here.

It is incidents like this, and the declarations that "prominent distillers and brewers are among the advisers and confidants of our Presidents," when, coming to be known by our Christian voters, will tell upon men of conscience, and lead yet to the change of sentiment that will some day, show itself at the ballot box.

I am free to say that my estimate of President Roose-

velt's character and temperament and desire to do right leads me to hope (if I dare not say expect) that, being now elected to this high office by so decided a vote, and having, at once, taken special pains to say, that THIS IS HIS LAST TERM, his strenuousness and inward conviction of the awful nature of the licensed traffic in intoxicants, will result in giving his great influence to some means in the line of a Constitutional Amendment, that will be accepted, and result in the gradual abolition of this abominable wickedness.

Perhaps I am too optimistic; but I would rather be so than on the other extreme.

A movement is on foot to memorialize congress in this direction from which great and successful results may be hoped.

I may not live to rejoice in such an outcome but it gives me some joy, in advance, to encourage such an effort to *do* something. This, and the renewed circulation of the total abstinence pledge in our schools (Sunday schools as well as others,) academies and colleges have great promise in them, and will secure the co-operation of multitudes who are too afraid of the success of "the other fellows" to give their vote anywhere else than to "*their* party."

That the *principle* of Prohibition is growing, and spreading in the minds of men, there can be no question.

Ex-Governor St. John who ran as presidential candidate on the prohibition party ticket in 1884, did some very excellent work for the same party in the canvass of 1904. In one of his speeches he said:

"The Prohibition party proposes to blot out every distillery, brewery, and saloon in this country. I would like to ask if there is one here to-night who

would be injured by that? Would it make your wives sleep sounder if you knew the saloons were to be kept running wide open? Would your nights be more restful if the boys continued to stay out late? Can you call to mind a single human being that was ever made better by the use of intoxicating drinks? * * While you're thinking about it I want to say that there are thousands and tens of thousands of men who have gone down to drunkards' graves under the influence of the liquor traffic. You may say, 'My boys don't drink.' Yes, but your neighbor's boys do. * * For every dollar our government receives from the liquor traffic as license, we spend seventeen dollars in prosecuting the criminals and endeavoring to suppress the crime which is the direct outgrowth of the business."

To all this thousands of other people than the Prohibition Party voters say; "That is all right!" "BUT."

*Ocean Grove Sentiment.*

One of the gratifications of my stay in Ocean Grove during the summer of 1904, of which I have written so freely elsewhere, was the pleasure of listening to Bishop Fitzgerald, the President of the Ocean Grove Association; in an address he gave one afternoon in Asbury Park, at a convention of Prohibitionists. He there, in a sensible, practical and unanswerable way, brought encouragement to the workers for the overthrow of the licensed liquor traffic.

One of our new bishops, who is President of the National Anti-Saloon League, in a sermon in the great Auditorium in Ocean Grove quoted Abraham Lincoln's declaration, to his own temporary overthrow some years before his election as President: "This nation cannot continue to exist, half slave and half free!"

We all know what a place the great Lincoln had in the fulfillment of this prediction.

The bishop to whom we now refer, said in substance, if not in exact words: "No more can this nation continue to exist, half drunk and half sober!" This he illustrated by the overthrow of other nations when they incurred the Divine displeasure.

The teacher of the great Bible class at Ocean Grove during the summer of which I am now writing, was most outspoken in his occasional remarks, clearly indicating his profound opinion as to the liquor curse.

So although old party politics still controls many who are managers of that highly spiritual community, yet some of its most respected and influential leaders are right in their opinions and actions. This must tell sooner or later upon the whole people there gathering. *The right must somewhere and sometime, and somehow prevail.*

"The saloon must go!" say the church people. "The saloon must go!" say thousands of other people. *We* naturally inquire *When?* and *How?* Of course this sentiment must be focalized.

No less a personage than General Nelson A. Miles is reported as saying recently:

"The temperance people of this country, if they would get together, could elect the President of the United States, and break off the partnership between the government and the saloon."

So it is constantly asserted. *How many believe it? and when will it be done?*

### *Some Quotations.*

Not because these views are new; but because we find them strongly and pretty fully expressed by some

articles in one of our most excellent religious journals, we appropriate and quote.

One of these writers said:

"I am opposed to the saloon because it is the nesting place of crime. The saloon breeds crime. It is where criminal plots are concocted. It is where fights and murders are committed. It is where the scarlet woman resorts for patronage. It is where the police are mostly needed. It is where officers of the law go when wishing to ferret out some criminal. It is where men are robbed of their money.

The saloon is the mother of corrupt politicians. Why have we so many officers in our city government that are vile and incompetent? Simply because they are made by the saloons. The saloon is the debaucher of youth. Boys are debauched and ruined, both for time and eternity every generation. They resort to all sorts of tricks to get them—music, games, free lunch, theatricals, and some have their hired henchmen who seduce the school boys into their dens and get them started to perdition.

The saloon is a destroyer of home. Thousands of homes are wrecked because of this hideous monster. It transforms the husband into a vagrant. It takes a skilled workman and ruins his ability. It takes away his ambition. It leaves him a pauper. It transforms the husband and father into a fiend. Into how many homes do you think each night there reels a drunken, swearing man, who, with kicks and curses abuses wife and children?

What good is the saloon? Brewers say it is the poor man's club. Yes, and as long as he patronizes it he will remain a poor man. It truly is a poor man's club. In fact, it causes him to use a club on his wife and chil-

dren, driving them from home and shelter at the midnight hour.

It is a place where rude and coarse jests are made; where iniquity is the topic of conversation; where woman's character is defamed; where moral excellence is dragged through the mire. Death to the saloon! Coming generations will rise and call us enemies to our God-given trusts for allowing the saloon to exist!"

Another writer in the same journal, and of the same date pursued this subject in a little different and yet familiar way. To quote again:

"Much is said about the impossibility of making men sober by law, and of the impropriety of attempting it. This kind of argument is supposed to have much force. But we submit that it is exactly the wrong way of putting the case. It is not a question of making them sober by law, but of making them drunkards by law; and that is a very different proposition. Men are born sober—except those who inherit a taste for strong drink from drunken parents. It takes the tempter and the dramshop to make them drunkards. Without the dramshop there would be few drunkards. *It is the drunkard-maker.* When it is established by law then it is the making of drunkards by law that is to be considered, and not the making of men sober by law."

The duty of the State is to remove its sanction from all evil. The true object of legislation is to prevent, not to protect evil.

God never instituted a government on earth with a view to its throwing a protecting shield over vice and immorality. He has never commissioned men to sit in high places to accomplish any such work. The end of government, so far as it bears on that point at all, is to suppress crime, to punish wrong-doers, to remove

iniquity, to promote that which is just and true. Any government legalizing wrong for the sake of revenue is one with which the throne of God can have no fellowship."

*Is This Too Radical?*

But, say some, "You are too radical, and do not consider that many of our citizens come to us from other lands, and enjoy habits from which we ought not attempt to fully exclude them." This they say, "Is particularly true of the Germans, and they ought to be allowed to have their beer and 'Beer gardens,' if they desire."

We are not now discussing the case of foreigners in other lands, nor the conditions that surround them there—although this might be made a very interesting investigation and our theme would not suffer in the facts elicited. But, we are presenting what is before us; and desire to have some things noticed for the particular benefit of beer drinkers.

To look just a minute at the financial question as it affects working men, by way of showing that the cause of poverty is often something else than low wages.

I do not guarantee the perfect exactness of the following statement. I do not know the price of beer by the glass, and I am not an expert at figures. But, this showing is worthy of thought and study by those who think they must have their beer. Consider:

"WHAT THREE BEERS A DAY FOR ONE YEAR WILL BUY:

1 Barrel of Flour,
50 Pounds of Sugar,
20 Pounds of Cornstarch,
10 Pounds of Macaroni,
10 Quarts of Beans,
4 Twelve Pound Hams,
1 Bushel of Sweet Potatoes,
3 Bushel Irish Potatoes,
10 Pounds of Coffee,
10 Pounds of Raisins,
10 Pounds of Rice,
20 Pounds of Crackers,
100 Bars of Soap,
3 Twelve Pound Turkeys,
5 Quarts of Cranberries,
10 Bunches of Celery,
0 Pounds of Prunes,
4 Dozen Oranges,
25 Good Beef Steaks.

This would fill four barrels heaping full, and there would be in one pocket of your trousers a five dollar bill marked 'a new dress for mother' and in the other pocket a ten dollar bill marked 'to buy shoes for the children."

But, says another: "Beer is comparatively harmless and really healthful if not used to great excess."

For the benefit of those who thus reason, we quote again. This time from the published opinion of a medical practitioner of over thirty-five years. He says:

"I think beer kills quicker than any other liquor. My attention was first called to its insidious effects when I began examining for life insurance. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans—young business men—who seemed in the best health, and to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild and easily curable diseases. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians, I found they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and my practice since has heaped confirmation upon confirmation.

"The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes, and then comes most frequently dropsy or Bright's disease, both certain to end fatally. Any physician who cares to take the time will tell you that among the dreadful results of beer drinking are lockjaw and erysipelas, and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, and fevers, seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity.

"The beer drinker is much worse off than the whisky

drinker, who seems to have more elasticity and reserve power. He will even have delirium tremens; but after the fit is gone, you will sometimes find good material to work upon. Good management may bring him around all right. But when a beer drinker gets into trouble it seems almost as if you have to recreate the man before you can do anything for him.

"Beer drinkers are peculiarly liable to die of pneumonia. Their vital power, their power of resistance, their 'vis medicatrix naturae,' is so lowered that they are liable to drop off from any form of acute disease, such as fever or pneumonia. As a rule when a beer drinker takes pneumonia he dies.

"Beer drinking produces rheumatism by producing chronic congestion and ultimately degeneration of the liver, thus interfering with its function by which the food is elaborated and fitted for the sustenance of the body, and the refuse materials oxidized and made soluble for elimination by the kidneys, thus forcing the retention in the body of the excrementitious and dead matter I have spoken of. The presence of uric acid and other insoluble effete matters in the blood and tissues is one main cause of rheumatism."

*General Conference of 1904.*

I would that it might be recorded on the pages of this "once again" effort to lift up the voice of warning against this fearful evil, that the great legislative body of the Methodist Episcopal Church that met in Los Angeles, California in May, 1904, really *did* something effectual to put a stop to the iniquitous licensed liquor traffic. This body was very emphatic in the endorsement of the *resolutions* and *advices* of former sessions of the same legislative assembly, in which no

stronger words can be employed in condemnation of the liquor traffic and in setting forth the evils of the use of intoxicants. They provided for Church temperance societies and did other good things in indorsement of the principle of Prohibition. But did they make a real advance movement?

It seems to me no small thing that this great body of the Church of my choice holds its sessions on the same years of the elections for the chief rulers of our Republic.

I believe in the entire separation of Church and State; but surely the Christian citizen must recognize the idea that, the Church should exercise a powerful influence upon the State in its legislation, or he has not gone far in the ethics of the Bible and of Christianity.

With us the blessings of free speech and the passage of resolutions, must culminate at the ballot box to be of any real service. While our General Conference continues to resolve and express opinions and advise, and yet is so careful to relieve all our church members from all responsibility when "election day" arrives; and to assure them that their political preferences must not be interfered with, the sincerity of the strong expressions will be doubted.

There seems a strange inconsistency often between the expression of our legislators, as embodied in the Book of Discipline, and the course adopted in political campaigns by many who frame the strong resolutions and sentiments of our "temperance chapters" and "advices."

I am really jealous lest some of the other great denominations take from the Methodist Episcopal Church the banner of Prohibition of the liquor traffic, and carry the Palm.

In the 31st Annual Convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, held in the City of Philadelphia, Pa., from Nov. 28th to Dec. 4th, 1904, Prof. Charles Scanlon, field secretary of the general assembly's committee on temperance of the Presbyterian Church is reported to have said :

"I have the honor, sisters of the white ribbon army, to stand before you as the first representative ever employed by a great denomination to devote his entire time to temperance work. We believe with the church, that the Christian religion is not simply a subjective influence ; that it requires that a man do good as well as be good ; and that it is not only a duty to refrain from doing wrong, but it is a sin to refrain from doing right. We believe that the church ought not be silent when right and wrong are in conflict. We believe that she should not be neutral when right and purity battle for the mastery. We believe that she should not stand aside when truth and honor and purity and peace are in question. Since the angel with the flaming sword stood at the gates of Eden, history does not record an instance where vice and virtue, truth and falsehood, love and hate met more squarely face to face than when the church of the living God, is confronted by the legalized liquor traffic.

We do not believe that it is sensible economy, religion or statesmanship, to maintain a national quarantine against idiots, paupers, criminals, lunatics from abroad, and license two hundred and fifty thousand saloon keepers to manufacture that product at home. We do not believe that it is a good thing to levy taxes to support orphans and widows, and license the murderers of husbands and fathers.

Christ did not say he came to *regulate* the works of

the devil but to 'destroy' them. We want to follow his example. And to you, sisters, I bear the greetings of more than a million Presbyterians. We ask for your co-operation and we promise and pledge to you our hearty sympathy and support."

Such sentiments, and like sentiments contained in the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, carried to the ballot box, would have added 1,000,000 votes in support of the candidate for President on the Prohibition Party ticket in the election of Nov. 8th, 1904. President Roosevelt could have easily spared that number (and they would not have, more than half, come from the Republican party) and yet been triumphantly elected. But, together with *his* election, the Prohibition principle and issue would have been elected; and one or both of the old parties would have been eager to have had a Prohibition plank in their platform in 1908.

More trust in God would be a most consistent and healthful feature in our zeal to promote the best interest of mankind and of the nation.

### *Bishop Potter.*

I have no other feeling than that of sorrow, that an honored prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church should have been so ensnared as to give his influence to the licensed liquor traffic in officiating, with religious ceremonies, in the opening of a saloon.

This was probably the honest expression of an idea for which many contend, viz: That it is possible to so regulate the sale of intoxicants that they shall be helpful and not harmful. God settled this question 600 years before the coming of Christ, when He taught, Jeremiah to put it strongly, in the inquiry: "Can the

Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? *He,* anticipating and commenting upon the necessarily negative answer said: "Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." The word "accustomed" is given in the margin as *taught.* (See Jeremial XIII: 23.)

Our Lord said that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. No amount of whitewashing the bark or pruning the limbs can change its nature. The nature of the saloon is bad, and neither prayer nor praise can make it better while within its walls the work of death goes on.

Perhaps, however, Satan never more effectually overshot the mark than when he successfully tempted Bishop Potter to give his presence, and to lift his voice in that "sub-way saloon." The Bishop, sadly for him, lost caste that he can hardly, by any possibility regain; and so far the adversary secured an advantage. But the Christian and temperance public were never more fully brought to see the pit into which so many are falling to their ruin. The principle of prohibition scored a positive gain by this movement.

God sometimes permits evil to show its deformed head that those in danger may discover its presence and flee for safety.

### *A Widening Theme.*

This question is more and more pressing itself upon all nations. The lessons of disaster, through the use of intoxicants, are coming more and more to the front.

Without lessening a belief in the direct interposition of God in the conflicts of recent years, the history of our war with Spain, and of the present terrible struggle between Russia and the Japanese, will undoubtedly re-

veal that some of the naval and other battles, where numbers and strength seemed not to count, the true solution was the contestants on one side were under the influence of strong drink and the others were sober.

May God hasten the time, in the use of any means He may employ or permit, when this terrible evil will be put away, and the world be thus more fully prepared for the gospel of peace and Brotherhood!

## CHAPTER IX.

### "No Breakfast Plan."

The writer is quite frequently asked: "Do you yet go without your breakfast?" This question is the result of the knowledge, among our immediate friends, that we did, at one time, abandon our morning meal, and neither eat nor drink anything until the noon hour.

In the chapter on "Health," in *A Few More Words*, we were frank to acknowledge that we did not get fully confirmed in this habit so as to say that this plan should always, and without exception, or qualification, be ours. We did say there that from Dec. 17th, 1897, we had "not eaten a full breakfast as formerly." This last statement can be repeated, with scarcely any modification now; while it must be acknowledged, (or perhaps we ought to say *confessed*) that we have not followed the "No Breakfast Plan" as fully, or faithfully, of late, as in the earlier years of its practice.

But, in taking an opportunity to publish this fact, we desire especially to add, that this confession is not intended in any sense, or degree, to be regarded as either an abandonment, or renunciation, of anything we have formerly written, or said, as to this "plan." It is the opinion of this writer that if the "No Breakfast Plan" could be universally adopted and practised by *all* men, it would work out results, as to general health and long life, that would be marvelous. It may be that this "plan" will yet be recognized as *the* plan in connection with the question: "When and what is it best to eat?"

The difficulties in the way of individuals becoming confirmed in this *habit*—for it is largely a "habit,"—are :

First—That most of us are not in control of our surroundings sufficiently to enter upon so radical a change without interfering with prerogatives that are not ours.

Secondly—The hours for meals cannot always be so arranged as to conform to this, or any other set rule.

Thirdly—It must be admitted that what is quite easy for one, is really hard and almost impossible for another.

Fourthly—Different constitutions demand different treatment and habits. Although I believe there is not really so much difference in this regard as we are prone to believe. And

Fifthly—It is a very easy thing to run to extremes when we get to advocating any theory. To this we are all liable. This is the matured conviction of this writer as evidenced in his own experience.

Now, with all this, I want to say, by way of almost repeating some of the things said and written in the past: The question of *eating:* How much? And when? hold a more intimate relation to the health and life of the human family than almost any other question that can possibly be mooted. The old inelegant, and yet significant statement: "Many dig their graves with their teeth" is worthy of a much more careful and universal study than it gets. We have all said, over and over again, "Some men live to eat, while others only eat to live." I have become so impressed with the force of these common and oft-repeated sayings that I find it necessary to hold myself to the influence of them constantly. Almost everybody who has looked into this subject at all, is ready to admit, "we eat too much!"

Of course, not to render ourselves ridiculous, we must

admit that all this refers to those whose supplies are sufficient to gratify their healthful appetites; and not to those who are the victims of famine, or whose means do not admit of eating enough to satisfy real hunger. Yet may we be permitted just here to call attention to what I believe many of us must have observed as a fact, viz: That those classes who, because of small means, have to keep to plain food in moderate supplies, are generally the most healthful and long lived. The children of the honest and worthy poor are often rugged and strong, while the offspring of their rich neighbors are frail and weakly.

Perhaps this may be a good place to say to those who are really desirous of reaching the best results in this matter of daily eating, Put aside what are called "luxuries"; and, to avoid over-eating, resolve to decline "the second helping" at table, because of a voracious appetite that is often mistaken for health but is really the precurser of disease.

These simple guards will be found, by experience, invaluable and helpful, and the craving for inordinate supplies will cease with the restored functions of the over-taxed stomach.

It cannot be repeated too frequently: "It is what we *digest* and not what we eat that contributes to our physical well being." The study of "How little will supply the real demands of nature?" instead of "How much can we eat and continue to live?" is really the important question for us to consider.

### *Two Meals Enough.*

I am more and more fully convinced that *two* meals a day are fully sufficient for any of us; and perhaps always better than three.

### *No Supper Plan.*

And this leads to a wide branching off from the subject indicated in the heading of this chapter. But, as our object is to reach the best results for ourself and our readers, we may be excused in some wandering.

There are reasons that sometimes lead me to the partial belief that "The no supper plan" has advantages over the "No breakfast plan." I am not sufficiently confirmed in this view to enter as an earnest advocate of it.

I have doubts whether any plan can fully equal the "No breakfast plan."

But there seems much good sound common sense in the argument, that rest would be more complete, if the stomach also might rest during the night when the wearied members of the body are getting their strength renewed in sleep. Heavy suppers seem most inconsistant with refreshing sleep when we come to know, that the digestion of food is a tax on our vital energies. Our brain cannot regain its power in sleep when called into exercise by a full stomach needing attention.

Our own experiences are most valuable to us. We have learned that the indulgence of a craving for food before retiring, results in troublesome dreams and heaviness in the morning. It is unnatural and must be denied.

This whole subject is worthy of more attention than it has had in the past.

I have learned that a feeling of not being very well is oftener corrected by the omission of a meal than by a dose of medicine. To persist in eating something because we like it, and then take some physic or other remedy, to counteract the bad effects seems not only senseless, but positively trifling with the God of our

bodies, who has so plainly given us laws that ought to be studied and obeyed.

*Use Reason.*

We may learn much from the lower animals. They cannot be coaxed to eat when they are not well—their *instincts* teaching them what our "reason" often rejects. On the other hand, they will overeat and become sick if their human masters do not exercise a supervision over them.

LESSONS—Study to get wisdom from these creatures where they are endowed; but recognize them as under our care to be benefitted by us. Let us at least prove our claimed superiority and listen to the voice of God, and the dictates of reason, and refuse to become gluttons.

This study is becoming more universal, and the conclusions of those who have given us their views in the past, only to be ridiculed, are beginning to have greater weight and less opposition.

There was a most sensible article in the editorial columns of the New York Times on Friday, Sept. 23rd, 1904, entitled: "THE VICE OF OVERFEEDING," from which we may quote profitably. A portion of it reads thus:

"As was to have been expected, the tentative discussion of 'the lunch habit' in these columns a few days ago has called out many assenting and dissenting opinions. Fortunately, it is a subject which will repay intelligent discussion. If any fact is established by observation and experience it is that as a people we are grossly overfed. Abundance has its disadvantages.

"A large and steadily increasing number of men and women have reached or are reaching the conclusion that it is vastly more difficult to avoid eating a great deal too

much than to get enough to eat. * * But unwelcome truth has ever been accounted heresy. Students of dietetics are learning from beneficial experience that two meals a day are better than three."

* * * * * * * * *

"The latest and most authoritative generalization on this important subject of food and feeding is that of Prof. RABAGLIATI, one of the most celebrated of living British gynecologists, physiologists, and general surgeons and a lifelong student of dietetics, in his work on the "Predisposing Causes of Disease," from which we quote as follows:

"'Moderation is the only fixed and the only unfailing rule of living, and in the case of food supply to people living in towns I attempt to more or less define moderation as lying between twelve and twenty-four ounces of ordinary diet of wholesome quality a day, taken preferably at two meals eight hours or so apart.'

"This at least comes on good authority. Dr. RABAGLIATI'S observations and experiments, which cover a wide range, show that very much less food than he thinks may be taken in moderation is ample to sustain a normal person in good health and full strength; whereas with more than he thinks admissible the functions of the body are sooner or later congested and the 'starvation of over-repletion' manifests itself in various ways. As a physician he does not hesitate to say that but for overfeeding there would be little for his profession to do beyond easing the natural infirmities of old age and ministering to the accidentally wounded."

It should be observed, in this connection, that the same eminent Dr. RABAGLIATI quoted in the above clipping, has given his hearty indorsement to the opinions and practice of Dr. E. H. Dewey of Meadville, Pa. He says, in his work on *Air, Food and Exercise:* "It

strikes me as somewhat curious * * * that observers so wide apart, and in circumstances so very different as the conditions of human life must be in Yorkshire from what they are in Pennsylvania, should come to conclusions so practically similiar as Dr. Dewey and the writer have reached." So we do not need to go across the ocean to be enlightened and instructed in these principles so fundamental to the laws of health.

Now perhaps I have indulged enough on this subject to lead some, who have been thoughtless, or who have refused to investigate because of the self-denial involved, to stop and think and practice "The true science of living," and thus become advocates of what they have opposed.

It is the belief of this writer that all who so do, will become a benefit and a blessing to their race, as well as to themselves.

What I really wanted to say in this chapter, even more than to argue specifically on "The No Breakfast Plan," was to assert that "THE FASTING CURE," i. e.: An abstinence from food systematically, has, in the judgment of myself, and of intimate and intelligent friends, been the means of adding several years to a life that seemed about going out; and of giving to one, regarded in advanced age, the appearance as often declared, of being more than a score of years younger than the calendar shows.

I close this chapter with a prayer for grace and wisdom to enable me to still more carefully keep within the knowledge resulting from the entrance upon the "No Breakfast Plan," now more than seven years since, and to improve upon it, as with the light of further experience I may more intelligently and faithfully "practice what I preach."

## CHAPTER X.

### Last Days.

Undoubtedly some who read this book will come to the last chapter with a smile at its heading.

On page 2 of *Grace Magnified*, I wrote, in connection with the introductory chapter, "A rather sudden apprehension of a rapidly closing * * * * * * career among men led me to put in book form some of the material," &c. This was eighteen years since, and in some respects I may almost say, I feel younger to-day than then.

That book was closed with the feeling that it was the only attempt that I would ever make to publish, and leave to be read, anything relating to my earthly life. On page 450 of that volume it was written: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

When the "supplement" in the form of the book entitled *A Few More Words* appeared, I thought, "*Surely* this is the last in this line of effort!"

I have tried to explain, and almost to apologize, in the first chapter of this volume, for thus "once again" intruding upon the patience of readers with the comparatively unimportant experiences and opinions of only a humble member of a great fraternity.

Now we come to the last chapter of this *Once Again* volume, with the hope that it will not be looked upon as labor and expense that ought not to have been incurred.

More than once since entering upon writing this book, the question has been carefully and prayerfully considered: "Would it be well to abandon this matter entirely and let the past suffice for this kind of effort to do good?"

I may truthfully say: The desire above all desires, is present with me all the time, to put in this life to the best possible advantage.

Upon every consideration of the question of abandoning there has come the conviction, that: "If it is of the Lord it ought not to be abandoned; and, if *He* would have it abandoned, He will, in some way make that known so that there will be no harm done."

But all this time "The last days" have been drawing on, and they are getting nearer all the time. Like all who have gone before me, "I am but a Pilgrim and a stranger." "Here I have no continuing city, but seek one to come." What may be the will of the Lord as to the continuance of my earthly life I do not seek to know. He will order all that well! Nevertheless in the midst of all uncertainties I *know* that the "last days" must be near. What if these continue for even a score more? Oh how quickly they will flee away!

It is difficult to realize that events that have passed more than a score of years since, have been gone so long. And as the years increase they all seem shorter; so that months seem weeks and weeks as only days; and the *years* go by as the summer seemed scarcely to do in boyhood.

How this would all be, if I were the subject of suffering and trials such as come to many I do not know. If like Job I were visited with bodily affliction and led to say: "When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? And I am full of tossings to and fro

unto the dawning of the day," the days and years would pass differently. (See Job VII: 4.)

The revised versionists have made this passage in Job's experience even more emphatic in rendering it: "When shall I arise? but the night is long."

When reading to a sufferer lately from the Revelation: "There shall be no night there," this promise was caught at eagerly as so full of comfort because of the terrible nights here.

God has greatly favored me in all this. If it shall please Him to continue these physical blessings to the end, and permit me "to cease at once to work and live" it will indeed be a factor in my note of praise and thanksgiving through all the coming ages.

### *Great Changes.*

I am much impressed at this period of my life with the very great changes that have occurred within my recollection. These changes relate to the whole world in which we live, and are too many and too great to be rehearsed in this place. The world has been growing larger as to the number of inhabitants, but very much smaller as to the knowledge at hand of all its doings.

Many parts of this globe were unknown regions in my early days. And from those parts that were known to exist the intelligence was very sparse, and so infrequent that what we did come to know was of events so long past as to have little fresh interest. Now we read, with our morning journals, served before many of us are awakened from the night slumbers, the transactions from all parts of the planet. And curious enough, because of the difference of time, some of these things seem to have not yet occurred.

If our friends go abroad now we expect to hear from

them with about the same regularity as if they remained near us. And they, who until quite recently were necessarily separated from all intelligence for at least several days, can now with the latest advance of science, keep posted even while on the broad ocean. It is almost too much to believe and yet it cannot be disputed.

It is, of course, too ridiculous to expect, and yet if told that a connection with some distant orb had been made and the inhabitants of the earth put in communication with the dwellers in another sphere, we would need be slow with our unbelief while waiting for confirmation.

Will the reader bear with me when I say: A greater than this has been accomplished in the order of the Great God with us. Earth and heaven have been connected in prayer by a process quicker than the latest accomplishments of electricity. This has always existed since God made man and placed him here.

One great change that rejoices the Christian in this day is the openings for the gospel that are being made more and more. By all means, and all of them under the Divine control—even the terrible means of war—the barriers that separated the nations a few years since are being broken down and the consistent zeal of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ is more than ever incited to help on the time when "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." This prophesy was spoken nearly 2000 years since. The hindrances have been many and the time has been long, but it draws near now.

### *Our Own Country.*

What is true of the whole world is particularly true of our own United States. I remember very well when

what we now call our "middle states" were far away. There is present in my mind the family farewell meetings, when some of our friends were about to remove to Michigan. Since then many States have been added; but now to go to the "far west"—even to the "Pacific coast"—is little more than a pleasure trip, occupying, at most, only a few days, in the midst of about all the comforts that our well furnished homes afford. Then distance has become almost annihilated by the introduction of the telephone. We can now often converse with our absent friends as though they were standing by us. Having a son in New Haven, Conn., it is a pleasure to have an evening chat occasionally from our place in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. This is only a specimen of what can be done with many more miles intervening.

Going back a little, I might say that about all the improvements and inventions that are *modern* enough to bear mentioning in the use of that term have come into existence since I was a boy.

Chapter third in *Grace Magnified* has attracted some attention lately because of its reference to the condition of things in the City of New York, when I was old enough to notice and remember my surroundings. Steamboats and steam cars were a novelty then.

Much later than that it was a stretch of faith to reach the conclusion that sewing machines and a score more of *machines*, now in constant use, were possible. To get a letter from home, when I was a school boy and separated from the family only by a few miles, by going to the post office for anxious inquiry was a real luxury. The postage was many times over what it is now; and if the distance was increased it became still more taxing.

### *More Impressive Changes.*

But all these changes, reminding one of years that have passed, are not, after all, of so great interest to the thoughtful as the more serious facts concerning the Kingdom of God on the earth as they have taken on other forms as the days of our years have rolled away.

It would only be repeating and taking up space in the writing that is not called for to go back to the incidents of my childhood and early days in my relations to the church and religious associations. They have been dwelt upon sufficiently in former reminiscences, and I only feel inclined now to note some things that have impressed me in these later years, and in my intercourse with and interest in the brethren and ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

### *The Board of Bishops.*

I do not know whether it would have been permissible to have spoken of our Bishops as constituting a "board" when I began my itinerant life. There were five Bishops then in the Methodist Episcopal Church without numbering those of the South. These latter have become so much nearer us now than they were then that they ought not to be altogether overlooked in this writing, while we indulge the hope that the time is coming when there will be no ANNEX in the designation of this great body.

One of the five Bishops in 1848 was in old age then, and although he presided over the deliberations of the New York Conference once again in 1850, his sleeping form has long since been committed to its resting place in the cemetery at Poughkeepsie; while his name and memory in this city still live in honored remembrance. Bishop Waugh was with us as President of the New York Con-

ference in 1854, and soon afterward he passed away. Bishop Hamline created something of a sensation and established a precedent that has again and again been pointed to since, when, because of enfeebled health and a desire to be relieved of all the responsibility of this high office, he resigned it altogether and retired into comparative seclusion for the rest of his life and to await the summons to come up higher. The other two I shall always remember with special veneration because to them it was committed, in their turn, to lay Episcopal hands upon my head.

I will make reference here to but three of those who have, since the year 1848, become members of the Board of Bishops and passed away before this writing. Others have been mentioned in former volumes as they have come to notice in connection with current events. It is beyond our present plan to attempt even a brief history of more of these noble men who have served their generation with so much distinction and gone to their reward.

I want to take this opportunity, however, to turn the eyes of all *once again* to that world-wide Evangelist who was known during a few of *his* "last days" as "Bishop William Taylor;" and who has gone to join the Apostle Paul whose methods he so much admired. That wonderful man, when placed upon the "retired list," quickly grasped his satchel and sailed for Africa to gather some more souls into the fold of the Redeemer. I doubt not but that Paul and he enjoy each others society, and co-operate now in whatever activities they are permitted, in the midst of the multitudes who through their instrumentality are with them.

Two of the deceased bishops passed away so recently, and so near together that memoirs of both of them

were published in the minutes of the New York Conference for 1904. These were Bishop Randolph S. Foster and Bishop John F. Hurst. Bishop Foster was noticed more at length because of the fact that his relation to the New York Conference, as a member, before he was elected to the bishopric, were so gratefully remembered.

Now note briefly the outcome of the changes in this "board of bishops." We have at present a body of men in this position numbering no less than 23, whose names are attached to the "Episcopal Address" in the edition of the discipline for 1904—8. This does not make account of the five missionary bishops, which would increase the number to 28.

Are not these "missionary bishops" worthy of having their names appear in the "Address" to the whole Church, which the "Address" itself affirms, "has been successfully planted in Africa, Asia and Europe?" Is the distinction that is made a wise one?

*General Conference Action.*

The last General Conference took some steps as relating to our bishops that were very radical. Is it wrong to inquire: Was it for the best, and does it not lead to some confusion? At the assembling of that great legislative body one of the "board of bishops" presented his desire and request for relief from some of the more taxing duties that had been assigned him 32 years before. This was a most reasonable request and the General Conference hastened to comply with it. Then the committee on Episcopacy took under consideration the rest of the number, and decided to recommend the retirement of five more of these honored servants of the Church. This was indeed a grave

movement and was not accomplished without some serious friction. There was a *seeming* of unbrotherly coercion; and although the explanations and generous provision made for those to be "retired," and henceforth designated "Superannuated," tended to remove much of this, yet a measure of it remained and will probably remain in the judgment of many who could not but regard the movement as extreme.

It somehow impresses the mind of this writer that our "board of bishops" is now sufficiently large and sufficiently wise to settle the question among themselves, as to who and how many of their number are able to continue in the exercise of all the functions assigned them in their election and ordination. If this is so, ought they not to be left free to consider and determine all this in their annual meeting when they apportion the work among the Annual Conferences? This so appears to me; and especially as all the recent legislation as to the bishops seems to tend in the direction of the doctrine that "once a bishop is always a bishop."

Well, the recommendations of the Committee prevailed, and it was determined to elect *eight* additional "General Superintendents" to keep up the number.

After many ballots, with a great number of candidates, this purpose was obtained.

Now another sensation came in the resignation of one of those just elected. This brother foreseeing the impropriety of waiting longer, gave some very good and sufficient reasons for *resigning* the office of "General Superintendent," to which he had been elected, and *declined* the ordination that would have made him a "Bishop."

The General Conference wisely determined that the

contest had been long enough, and voted to do no more balloting to supply the vacancy made by this resignation.

May the God and Father, of all who are adopted into His spiritual family, so over-rule that our bishops shall be, more than ever, great and holy men and in all things examples to the flock!

The General Conference of 1904 did some excellent things. Among them was the refusal to touch the much debated "paragraph 248," lest it might be construed into a letting down into greater worldliness. Another good thing was the movement for renewed organized evangelism. The action as to temperance societies in the churches was in the right direction and, I trust, may bring forth some good fruit. The refusal to meddle at this session with the so-called "time limit" question was wise and could not have been otherwise, when it was so clearly indicated that another change *now* would be hasty. The radical legislation of the former General Conference had not had a period sufficiently long to test its adaptation to our itinerant system.

It is confidently hoped that the continued efforts of the "Committee" on the expenses of the Conference at Los Angeles, California, will be so successful that all "deficiencies" will be met without drawing upon the fund belonging to the Superannuated members of the Annual Conferences, and the Widows and Orphans of those who have died in the work of the ministry. The wolf of want has not ceased to howl at the doors of some of these, and their rights should be most sacredly guarded.

### *Recent New York Conference Changes.*

Since the distribution of my book entitled *A Few More Words*, in the early spring of 1902, seventeen

more names have gone into the "Memorium" list of the New York Conference. Some of these were among my early and familiar friends.

The Rev. Z. N. Lewis laid down his earthly honors, with his life here, on Aprill 29th, 1903, at the age of 87 years.

Rev. Isaac H. Lent passed to his rest on July 19th, 1904; and this leaves only three members of the New York Conference who antedate me.

Rev. David Buck, who entered the itinerancy in 1837, still remains with us at this writing, although well advanced in years. All who remember him do so with delight as they call to mind his sweet spirit and great efficiency in preaching the Gospel of Christ in the many charges assigned him.

Brother Aaron Hunt joined the Conference in 1842, and has enjoyed an improved condition of health lately from several former years.

Bro. John P. Hermance is only three years my senior in his relation to the Conference. He has made a record of much greater distinction than myself, and is still heard with interest as he so earnestly advocates the claims of the "Ministers' Mutual Assistance Society," with which he has been so closely connected for very many years; and of which organization he has been the efficient President for a long term.

### *Class of 1848 Once Again.*

This class has been still further depleted since 1902. Of brother B. M. Adams I have written in the chapter on "Fresh Experiences."

Bro. William Ostrander was relieved of his palsied body on June 14th, 1903, at the age of 75; and his wife soon followed him to the life beyond. There are only

two of us left to meet in Conference session, if indeed we may have that privilege more.

I delight to express the best of wishes for Brother George W. Knapp and hope to greet him yet more than once again if so may be the Lord's will. We expect a happy meeting in the heavenly home where the experiences of our 57 years already together, may afford the theme for eternal gladness.

Now I think I am ready to close this chapter and to go out more fully into my "last days" of earthly life.

At the last session of our Annual Conference I was led to quote the 10th verse of the 90th Psalm: "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

I likened myself then to one who had been upon a journey and had reached the last station on the way home, and was waiting for the train and listening for the whistle. The whistle has not been blown yet, and I trust I have been doing, and will continue to do, something more than *sitting* "listening."

### *Final Reflections.*

It may seem unsafe and unwise to record any vows as to the future of earthly life in closing this record of recent experiences that has offered an opportunity of pretty freely expressing opinions on subjects that have been suggested in connection with those experiences. Yet there are some thoughts that seem proper to enter here as perhaps a kind of explanation for conduct during these "last days." I hope to be obedient to the voice of the Spirit in all things, and to hold myself ready to do more than join in singing:

"I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea,
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be."

I fear these words are often sung with no real intention of either going, or saying, or being. I really want to mean all this, and to wait for the Divine guidance and instruction.

But what I want more particularly to write in these closing words is that, If it shall please the Lord to enable me to conclude this work with the fulfillment of eightieth year, I believe that I shall largely subside, so far as being heard in public assemblies is concerned.

I think it was my grandmother that used to say when the children were making more noise than she enjoyed: "Little boys (or children) should be seen and not heard." Another adage that we have all heard occasionally, in referring to old people, is: "Once a man and twice a child." Now, as children do not always have wisdom to know just when to speak and when to be still, so it is sometimes with those who are becoming enfeebled by old age.

I do at times notice in myself what has at other times impressed me with the idea that some are becoming childlike when I have seen these things in them. I seek to be rightly and wisely affected by these discoveries.

If this book goes into the hands of readers, I shall certainly feel that "I have had my say."

Perhaps I have said enough, and it may be judged, by some, that I have said too much.

The passing away during the year 1904 of so many men of distinction, both of church and state, and most of them younger than myself, leads me to feel that indeed I must have come to my "last days."

It will be my highest pleasure, while I remain here, not to be in the way of better and more useful men, and yet when I recognize the fact that I am here without a false or artificial tooth, or eye, or ear, or limb, or hair, I must believe that there is still something for me to do. I do not expect to attempt the writing of any more books, but I expect to keep up and perhaps increase my already large correspondence, and to do some good in that and other ways. I feel like asking pardon of both God and men for the indulgence, at any time, of RASH VOWS, having become convinced of the folly of them.

I earnestly desire to live, more fully than ever, by the day and even by the moment, and to reach out after the most literal fulfillment of the apostolic injunction: "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

There are two things, closely related to each other, that I expect to see accomplished, either during my stay here or from heaven. The one is the general diffusion of Christianity in its purest sense by the descent of the Holy Spirit in His reviving and quickening power all over the earth. The other is the outlawry of the traffic in alcoholic beverages. This may seem like a strange combination of thought; and yet I feel that there is so close a connection that I hardly know how to separate them.

If it were consistent I should hope that the baptism with the Holy Ghost might so fall upon all nominal Christendom, as it fell upon the disciples in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, that all would quickly put away all forms of iniquity. But we must recognize that God's order is always FIRST Repentance.

It seems that before Christianity can fully prevail

among heathen nations, two nominal Christian governments have a work of repentance to perform. England must repent of the awful sin of forcing the opium trade on the protesting Chinese; and the United States must repent of the sin into which our government went by the act of Congress and the signature of the President, when we entered into partnership with the liquor business for revenue.

All this may not be so far off as it may seem. When in my boyhood in the City of New York, I can well remember how the Abolitionists were detested; and it was only a little before my time in the ministry when even members of the New York Conference were disciplined for attending and encouraging the Abolitionists.

The most decided Prohibitionists of this day are the legitimate successors of the early Abolitionists. Often they are quite as extravagant, and not a bit wiser. So God will continue to raise up men to show the nations their sins and bring about the redemption and salvation of the world.

I pray for wisdom to be identified with the best means that can be employed to hasten on the time when all shall know the Lord, by the putting away of wickedness and the spread of the truth that is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The world is growing better and the VICTORY is drawing nearer.

The ninety-first Psalm is of special interest to every child of God. My dear wife had it bordered all around with her pencil, and in the margin, by its side, she had written: "Precious promises. A glorious Psalm."

I know of no better way to close this chapter and to send this book on its mission to the world, than to bear my personal testimony that the promises contained in the last two verses of that psalm are having their literal fulfillment in my experience. They read thus: "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."

Blessed be the name of the Lord! AMEN.

IN "GOD'S GREAT DAY," WE WILL NOT BE JUDGED AS NATIONS; NOR DENOMINATIONS; NOR IN CLASSES; BUT AS INDIVIDUALS.

LET US BE READY!